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Coral Jungles of Sea-Cow Reef, by William Beebe, on page 86

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME V — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1928 — NUMBER 6

Antarctica

THAT favorite conceit of the literary-minded, the selection of a desert island library, seems at last to be in the way of materialization. For with Byrd establishing headquarters in the wastes of the Antarctic, the conditions of isolation which the desert island convention presupposes are about to be realized for the group if not for the individual. And with Byrd is to go a collection of books designed for the diversion and edification of men who must seek distraction not only from the monotony of an unyielding nature but from the danger of an irksome intimacy with one another. What the ideal library to meet the circumstances would be opens up an interesting field of speculation.

What it is to be, is already decided. Of the thousand volumes which constitute the collection now on its way to New Zealand the greater number are works of fiction, but all of Shakespeare is included, and Greek and Latin classics rub elbows with ancient and modern works on philosophy, history, and science. Whittier's "Snowbound" and that tried favorite, "Casey at the Bat," appear alongside "Selected Essays of Francis Bacon" and Franklin's Autobiography. "The Psychology of Suicide" and "Best Rube Jokes" take place with "The Preposterous Adventures of Baron Munchausen" and Browne's "Religio Medici." In other words, there is a little of everything under the sun for brightening the days when there is no sun to be under.

Apparently the robust romancers, Dumas, Stevenson, Kipling ,and writers such as Cooper, Conrad, and Charles A. Dana are in favor. Will they, we wonder, be the authors most in demand when the timelessness of the Antarctic shuts the men into self-communion? With adventure lying before, will the expedition find interest in narratives of vigor, or will it seek to stay its impatience on books of meditative character? We can all remember what the war did to literature, how it paled the interest of the story of adventure and substituted for it the psychological novel, and to a great extent supplanted fiction by history and biography. We know that when life is lived at high tension the soul craves a tonic diet, and likely enough finds it in realism rather than romance. Truly, to a man shortly to trust his life to the hazard of uncertain endeavor, the concocted dangers of romance must appear of little moment. We should think that, rather than the novel of adventure, the humorous or farcical story, or the tale that unfolds man's struggle with spiritual rather than physical forces, would hold predominance. And we should think, too, that a period of enforced inactivity would of all times be the logical one for so-called "solid reading."

For here is providentially supplied the freedom from interruption which life under normal conditions never vouchsafes, the leisure not only to read but to savor and digest, the opportunity actually to think. How many a well-intentioned person has been deflected from acquaintance with the riches of literature by the persuasion that duty will encroach on desire and that before he can fairly embark upon perusal of book he will be forced to turn from it to something else. How many a reader has grasped merely the superficial quality of a classic through lack of the time to linger over a passage here and a sentence there. And how few of all readers live with a book after they have closed the cover on its last page. Here in the hurlyburly of life, business and amusement impinge so constantly on leisure that there is no time for meditation, no time for that sustained stimulation of thought which a noble book can so excitingly arouse. In the Antarctic it would be otherwise. But then we should have to endure the Antarctic. Heaven be praised for lack of leisure.

Haphazard

By LEE WILSON DODD

THE lane was roofed with leaves, and night
Seemed starless there, when suddenly
A single needle-point of light
Pierced the oppressive canopy.

Deft, from incalculable space,
That one ray glinted, sharp and brief,
To prick a smile upon my face
Of gay, illogical relief!

Yet if the tiniest twig had swerved,
Impervious to my casual ray,
One chance from trillions had not served
To animate these lines today!

A poet, an indifferent star,
A leaf that turned or did not turn—!
(Howbeit: why or what we are
Is not precisely song's concern.)

This Week

"The Pragmatic Revolt in Politics."
Reviwed by *Harold J. Laski*
"The Graphic Bible."
Reviewed by *Gilbert Loveland*
"The Children."
Reviewed by *Grace Frank*
"Burning Bush."
Reviewed by *O. W. Firkins*
"Economic and Social History of the Middle Ages."
Reviewed by *Charles H. Haskins*
The Folder.
By *Christopher Morley*
A Letter from London.
By *May Lamberton Becker*
"The Hypochondriack."
Reviewed by *Frederick A. Pottle*
"Safari."
Reviewed by *Dale Warren*
The Wit's Weekly.
Conducted by *Edward Davison*
The Compleat Collector.
Conducted by *Carl P. Rollins*

Next Week, or Later

Arts and the Machine Age.
By *Lewis Mumford*
Asquith's "Memories and Reflections."
Reviewed by *J. W. T. Mason*
The Modern English Novel.
By *Wilbur Cross*

Genius to Squander*

By MARY M. COLUM

HALF a century after Charlotte Brontë's death there used to jog around King's County in Ireland, on a good-looking jaunting-car, a pleasantly bearded gentleman who had a farm and farmhouse in the village of Banagher, and who had in his parlor Charlotte Brontë's pictures of Wellington and Thackeray, Emily Brontë's ragged drawing of her dog, Keeper, and of Anne's dog, Flossie. On the staircase hung a portrait of Branwell. There were also a couple of Brontë rocking-chairs in that parlor—perhaps they are there still, but the bearded gentleman who owned them and the house, and the jaunting-car died in 1906. He was Arthur Bell Nicholls, once the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, and curate at Haworth to the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

Sometimes curious literary-minded strangers who wanted to take a look at him would disturb him in his farm and his farming; if they happened to be very important and let him know in time, he would meet them with the jaunting-car at the railway station, and give them some hospitality. But for the most he was left undisturbed. He had slipped for ever into the histories of literature because for a brief space like a dream he had been Charlotte Brontë's husband. But this made but little inroads on the consciousness of the inhabitants of that Irish village where he was really very much like other educated Irish farmers. And it was doubtful, indeed, if it had made much inroads into his own consciousness, for it had all happened a very long time ago. But he must have been excited now and again, when, at rare intervals, somebody out of that world where so strangely he had his bit of immortal fame, would come and ask to see the pictures and the drawings, the portrait of Branwell, and the rocking-chairs on which Emily and Anne were supposed to have passed their last illness. He would try to answer their questions, for he had, to be sure, known more intimately than others two of the greatest women of genius in all literature. He had known more intimately than others those intense eyes that had seen Rochester—"chameleon-like eyes" we are told they were, that "looked you through and through, into the very marrow of your mind and the innermost core of your soul." Though from Charlotte's own account he must have loved her with passion, yet it was not he, but a Frenchman called Heger who had made her spirit aware of its own intensity. He had known those still more intense eyes, and that still more intense spirit that had visualized Heathcliffe. But it had all happened a long time ago, and for himself he lived to be ninety years, and very little of his life, after all, had been taken up with the whole Brontë business.

Somebody had once, in the hey-day of the Irish Revival, tried to drag him up from Banagher to sit on a platform at some literary function in Dublin, but I do not know if he ever came. He seemed a sort of legendary creature, like Ossian, to whose story in a way his own had a resemblance—Ossian who had loved a fairy woman, Niav of the Shee, and had been carried off by her on a white horse to Tir-nan-oge, the Land of Youth. When he returned to Ireland, after what seemed to him a brief space of time, he found he had been really away hundreds of years, and the whole country was under the spell of Patrick and his crozier and his crosses

* THE LIFE AND PRIVATE HISTORY OF EMILY JANE BRONTE. By ROMER WILSON. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1928.

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and the sound of church bells. Arthur Bell Nicholls, for a space of some months, had been carried away by Charlotte Brontë, and it was to the Land of the Ever-living. After she died he did not return to Ireland at once, but stayed on loyally with her father, and these two exiled Irishmen had, perhaps, more in common with each other than either had with Charlotte, for she has left it on record that she had with Arthur Bell Nicholls "a sense of incongruity, an uncongeniality in feelings, tastes, and principles." He was Irish, to be sure, and Charlotte did not like the Irish much, though so many of the qualities of her mind were Irish, and she was described as having an Irish accent. The Brontë ancestry and history explains so much in them and their work that one can only be amazed that critics have taken it into account so little—indeed, they have not troubled themselves to look into it at all, but think they have done all that is necessary when they have explained Charlotte by the Yorkshire moors, M. Heger, and her reading in French literature, and when they have explained Emily by the Yorkshire moors and her reading in German literature, laying great stress on the tales of Hoffman.

* * *

Their father, Patrick Brontë, was the son of an Irish peasant named Prunty and of one Alice McClory, a Catholic—there is some doubt as to what religion Prunty was. The Irish Pruntys, which name Charlotte's father changed to Brontë, with two dots elegantly placed on the final letter, had a poet in the family, a bard called Patrick O'Prunty, who left behind him a sort of an epic in Irish called "The Adventures of the Son of the Ice Counsel." Other Irish bards called their poems "The Adventures of the Sons of Usna," "The Adventures of the Sons of Tuireann," "The Adventures of a Luckless Lad." But the Son of the Ice Counsel, whatever he was, must not have been so very different from these other adventurers, for the poem begins in a way familiar to the students of Irish literature:

> Ninety millions of true welcomes
> From me to the coming of the High-king
> Who is come to us with victory
> As a guide over the chief-hosts.

What this ancestry did to Emily is, at first sight, more easily discoverable than what it did to Charlotte. Both have that combination of emotional and intellectual intensity which is one of the Celtic contributions to literature, and which, in its way, makes such large amends for the lack of that abundance which is the glory of English literature. In Emily, as I have said, the influence is more marked: but there is only space here for a brief consideration of it. In her, indeed, we find the very same sort of reality, the same actuality of emotion, that is in such characteristic Irish literature as certain medieval poems and "The Love Songs of Connacht." The writers of these last must have been contemporaries of her kinsman, the bard of the ice epic, Patrick O'Prunty, or, as he wrote the name himself, Padruig ua Pronntuidh. Her father must have held many of these Irish stories and songs in his memory, and must have repeated them to his children. I quote at random some lines from translations of "The Love Songs of Connacht."

> I thought, O my love, you were so—
> As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
> And I thought after that you were snow,
> The cold snow on the top of the mountain;
> And I thought after that you were more
> Like God's lamp shining to find me,
> Or the bright star of knowledge before,
> And the star of knowledge behind me.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> You have taken the East from me and you have taken the West,
> You have taken the path before me and the path that is behind;
> The moon is gone from me by night and the sun is gone by day,
> Alas! I greatly dread you have stolen my God away!

There is here strong emotion accompanied by sharp, intellectualized imagination, and these are precisely the qualities that make memorable so many passages of Emily Brontë's prose. When Catherine in "Wuthering Heights" describes to Nelly her love for Heathcliff, it is a very different thing from that hazy, mysterious, mystical emotion of the German romantics to whom the critics are so fond of relating her:—

> It would degrade me to marry Heathcliff now; so he shall never know how I love him; and that, not because he's handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same; and Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire. . . . If all else perished, and *he* remained, *I* should still continue to be; and if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to an empty stranger: I should not seem a part of it. My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath: a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I *am* Heathcliff! He's always, always in my mind: Not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being.

I doubt if, in all literature intense, changeless love has ever been better analyzed or expressed with more reality than in these words and sentences. Certainly they have bitten into the minds and memory of those who have read them as great poetry bites into the mind and memory. Almost equally wonderful are the words in which Heathcliff describes his feeling for Catherine in those pages where he tells Nelly of his attempts to get to Catherine in the grave—the first on the day she was buried, when a sigh from someone above, close at the edge of the grave, stopped him as he was about to open the coffin; the second time when her husband, Linton, was buried by her, and Heathcliff loosened the board from the other side of her coffin, and bribed the sexton to lay him there when he would be dead. And the flight of imagination in the passage where Catherine in a delirium tears her pillow to pieces and talks about the feathers that compose it belongs to the highest poetry.

> Ah, they put pigeons' feathers in the pillows—no wonder I couldn't die! Let me take care to throw it on the floor when I lie down. And here is a moor-cock's; and this—I should know it among a thousand—it's a lapwing's. Bonny bird; wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor. It wanted to get to its nest, for the clouds had touched the swells, and it felt rain coming. This feather was picked up from the heath, the bird was not shot: we saw its nest in the winter, full of little skeletons. Heathcliff set a trap over it, and the old ones dare not come. I made him promise he'd never shoot a lapwing after that, and he didn't. Yes, here are more! Did he shoot my lapwing, Nelly? Are they red, any of them? Let me look.

There is a reality about the great passages in her prose that I do not find in her poetry, fine as are the poems she has left behind her. In one or two of them, indeed, she has, in a manner, lowered her flag, and indulged herself a little in that self-pity which is one of the vices of women, and in that sort of bravado which is one of the vices of the Anglo-Saxon, and at which W. E. Henley was an expert, of which she gives evidence in her poem called "The old Stoic":—

> Riches I hold in light esteem,
> And love I laugh to scorn,
> The lust of fame was but a dream
> That vanished with the morn.

But yet, before she finishes this poem she rises again with:—

> Leave the heart that now I bear,
> And give me liberty!

and we see once more the great artist, intent on holding to her spirit's liberty at all costs.

* * *

The book by Romer Wilson, although it contains little or nothing that is new, yields more to the reader on second reading than on first. On first reading one is repelled by its school-girlish romanticism and sentimentalism. But where it touches on Charlotte the book is at its best, and in those parts which reveal the author's own mental and emotional experiences. It is at its worst where it deals with Emily. Somebody whom she calls "one who understands these things" has been giving her some doses of Freudian psychology which have played havoc with her system. "I know Emily herself now," she states reassuringly in her preface. Well, perhaps she does, but she has certainly not made credible the woman who wrote "Wuthering Heights" and that small body of melancholy, passionate, and sometimes profoundly philosophic poetry that made Matthew Arnold say she was one:—

> Whose soul
> Knew no fellow for might,
> Passion, vehemence, grief,
> Daring, since Byron died.

The name of Matthew Arnold recalls to me that the best critical account of Emily and her novel yet written has been done by Mrs. Humphry Ward. To be sure, she overdoes somewhat the influence of German romanticism, and glides over Emily's heritage in a couple of words. But in fine appreciation of her mind and work she is not surpassed by anybody—not even by Maeterlinck or Swinburne. "The common, hasty, didactic note," she writes, "that Charlotte often strikes is never heard in 'Wuthering Heights.' The artist remains hidden and self-contained. . . . Emily is pure mind and passion; no one from the pages of 'Wuthering Heights' can guess at the small likes and dislikes, the religious or critical antipathies, the personal weakness, of the artist who wrote it. She has that highest power—the power which gives life, intensest life, to the creatures of imagination, and, in doing so, endows them with an independence behind which the maker is forgotten." These are the perceptions and the attitude of mind of a woman of keen critical ability, for Mrs. Humphry Ward was not an Arnold for nothing. In comparison with her, Romer Wilson has very little critical power. She lets her mind roam into all sorts of fantastic speculations about Emily; she has pages of the most incredible nonsense about the "Dark Spirit," and as this forms the background of her book, and runs as a thread through all she has to say about Emily, it will be necessary to quote some passages:—

> Those in whom it (the Dark Spirit) condescends to take up its abode leave the pleasant ways of life and cleave to its dark ways. This creature I have called the Dark Hero, the man of All or None . . . the creature of his selection becomes more him than themselves, becomes him, with his sense of exile, his craving for domination, his continuous melodrama of self-pity, his longing for escape.

* * *

Romer Wilson informs us, that this creature attached himself to Emily. Then she tells us of another spirit, the blessed vision of which the poor souls afflicted with the Dark Spirit are sometimes vouchsafed. "This spirit, this seraph, this redemption, this not-for-him, I call the Fair Lover." But the Dark Hero prevails. For the Dark Hero, it appears, "can prevail against everything but Heaven." This sounds more like a system of mythology than the biography of an almost contemporary writer. There is something of a dark prosiness in my mind, or maybe it is a sodden grayness, that makes me incapable of regarding this kind of thing as anything but the most romantic, adolescent drivel, very unworthy of a woman of Romer Wilson's achievements as an artist. However, almost on the next page to the nonsense quoted above is a chapter full of powerful psychological insight. In this chapter, which is called "Emily and Charlotte," she describes the type of woman she thinks Charlotte was and her relationship to Emily. Apart altogether from its rightness or wrongness as a portrait of Charlotte, it has a penetrating life of its own. Some experience of life, or some masterly power of intuition, has given Romer Wilson an insight into the character of a type of woman who has not yet been really revealed in literature—the managing woman who deals with other people's lives as if she were a sort of deity. "Charlotte Brontë's vices were an inability to yield an inch, and a horrid partiality for tampering with the lives of others. Both are female vices. She thought meanwhile that she was a creature of submission, capable of absolute submission to the object of her love. When women talk a deal about submission I doubt but they are of the domineering sort, of the eating-up sort, husband-ogresses." This, perhaps, is a type of woman that only a woman could see through, for in life before men she veils her awful strength, her pitiless will to power, with a mantle of self-pity, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty.

* * *

We cannot help shuddering when Romer Wilson tells us how Charlotte, the head of the family, the strong man of the family, got her teeth into Emily; how, in the end, she got past Emily's reserve by something very much akin to treachery, and how the real Emily was contrary to all Charlotte struggled for and had nothing to do with Charlotte's world at all. But Charlotte conquered her in the end and made her give up that which is "one's most treasured possession, one's secret soul." Charlotte conquered Emily by a convinced certainty of her own that she was acting for Emily's good, and when she edited and altered her poems a little, Emily let the alterations pass.

It seems hard to believe that Charlotte could be the artist and writer she was if she were entirely that sort of woman, for that type is not only the contrary of the artist type, it is its enemy. But even if she but uses Charlotte and Emily as symbols for what is, psychologically, the most tragic of all situations—that of two people of different worlds living day after day, year after year, decade after decade, together in the same house, until one conquers

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the other, the accurate realization of such a tragedy, and her powerful insight into it shows where Romer Wilson's talent really lies—in the domain of a different art from that of biography and criticism. Her last critical notion about "Wuthering Heights," that it is Emily's autobiography, is very fantastic, and is really one of those naive ideas, too common in contemporary criticism, that an author writes out his own life in his books—it is only a very thin creative talent that makes its own work autobiographical. For the most part, a writer's work is not autobiographical, but springs from something that his experience in life or literature gives him a clue to, or directs his mind towards. Balzac tell us that he would see two people walking down a street and his mind would become so sensitized to the significance of every gesture, or every half-word he heard, that he was able to create a whole life for them. That, after all, is what genius can do—it can create life out of a grain of dust, or passion out of the flicker of a candle. Life was kind to the Brontës in that, though it may not have favored their happiness, it favored the flowering of their genius: they had intellect, passion, and imagination, and life gave them something to squander all of them on, and everywhere, except in the material world, it is the squanderers who win.

Quotations and Principles

THE PRAGMATIC REVOLT IN POLITICS. By W. Y. Elliott. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by Harold J. Laski

PROFESSOR ELLIOTT has written a fresh, vivid, and interesting book, which deserves to be widely read by everyone interested in political philosophy. Indeed, taken as a whole, it is an extraordinarily stimulating introduction to the contemporary scene. It has its faults. Like most collections of essays, it suffers a good deal from repetition; many of the points briefly made in some of them are repeated at length (without undue clarification) later. There is, further, a certain irritating verbosity of style, and an undue concealment from the reader of what Professor Elliott precisely means by some of the terms he uses. But one is left with the feeling that Professor Elliott is tremendously in earnest about tremendously important things. He has something real and definite to say, and he says it with vigor and emphasis. Distinctly a book to note as proof that there is a real revival in American political science of an interest in philosophy as apart from an interest in description.

Professor Elliott may be said to occupy middle ground in the contemporary conflict of ideas. He rejects all forms of pluralistic doctrine, on the ground that their result is an anarchy curable only by either Fascist or Bolshevist distatorship. He rejects also what the French call juridical romanticism (as, for example, that of Duguit) on the ground that its necessary consequence is a denial of the place of reason in law, and consequently, of the rule of law which he takes to be fundamental to an ordered way of life. His view seems to be that any system in which the state is not given a recognized superiority over other social groups is bound to result in disaster. He is so far impressed by pluralism that he insists upon the need for expressing the federalism implicit in social life in the political institutions of the state. He argues, further, that for the state justifiably to expect obedience to its orders it must proceed always in a constitutional way. For him the constitution is a sovereign controller because it expresses the way of life upon which the community has determined. It integrates the totality of social striving and gives point and coherence to what would otherwise be a disordered chaos in which (as in Russia and Italy) that group would control which disposed of the strongest power. A constitutional state, he thinks, is a way of securing reasonableness in the flow of affairs.

All this is attractively and persuasively argued; and it represents, I think, fairly adequately the philosophy of what Guizot used to call the *juste milieu*. For reasons it would take too long here to expound, its defects seem to me definitely to outweigh its merits. But I can at least indicate some of the questions Professor Elliott seems to me to leave unanswered which are yet central to the defence of his theme. What kind of a constitution does he believe to be sovereign? Is it any kind? Or must it be distinguished by some special features? Who is to interpret it, and who is to appoint the interpreters? What, for instance, of a constitution which limited the franchise to large property-owners, and then proceeded, under the strictest constitutional forms, to tax only the owners of small property? Would Professor Elliott think such an instrument expressive of the way of life upon which the community has determined? Is it not, in fact, necessary to postulate certain conditions which a constitution must fulfil before it can even hope for the allegiance of men? And are those conditions realized in any serious degree in any modern state with which Professor Elliot is acquainted? Has he thought out in detail the implications, for instance, of racial and religious minorities in Hungary and Rumania? Or of the commentary provided by events like the coal-strike in Pennsylvania upon the operation of the American constitution? Must he not, before he pins his faith to the rule of law, tell us in greater detail than he has here provided, the relations he conceives to exist between law and justice? Will he explain what he conceives to be the limits of governmental power say in international affairs where actions of government are, for all practical purposes, actions of the state? In a community where men can hope for adequate self-realization, the rule of law seems to me a formula of high value. But, frankly, I do not see any reason to suppose that

The GREAT SEA
EPHRAIM or ISRAEL*
This region was known as GILEAD
Jebel Ösha The traditional home of Hosea
Samaria Capital of Israel
Bethel where Amos preached
Jerusalem
Tekoa Home of Amos
JUDAH
DEAD SEA
Philistines
This land was probably subject to Israel at this time
*Hosea constantly refers to Israel as Ephraim

Illustration from "The Graphic Bible"

Professor Elliott's specific today is more than a beatification of the *status quo*.

It is, frankly, the argument that so long as the forms of law are preserved its substance should be obeyed. To me, at least (Professor Elliott will recognize the cloven hoof of pluralism), that is a quite impossible doctrine. The forms of law are used by the holders of power for purposes they deem to be good. They are not made good by the judgment of those holders that they are good; and they are not made good by the use of the forms. They are made good by what they do; and the question of what they do is a question upon which each of us has in his civic capacity to decide. I do not resent the use of the forms of law to decide that the use of the mails is forbidden to dishonest advertisers. But I do resent the use of those forms to decide that in conflicts with employers organized labor shall be at a definite disadvantage as compared with organized capital. I hate the use of force, I hope, as much as Professor Elliott; but I recognize, as I do not think he recognizes, that a constitution must fulfil certain elementary conditions before it can really be entitled to protection of a permanent kind against the possibility that force will be used. Men will not revolt against what they believe to be just; but the constitution must ensure the reign of principles compatible with justice as the necessary prelude to their acceptance of its conditions. Before Professor Elliott can persuade me of the wisdom of the reign of law, he must tell me what law it is that he proposes should reign.

I end, as I begin, with a warm recommendation of his book to all who care for the discussion of ultimate things in politics. It marks him out as one of a small band of American thinkers who are reviving interest in the supreme issue of the time. I respect, as much as anyone, the great work American political scientists have done in the description of institutions. But I believe, with Professor Elliott, that the time has come for the evaluation of purpose and principles. This book is evidence that a recruit of great promise in this essential task is bending his wide knowledge and enthusiasm to their analysis.

Unscrambling the Bible

THE GRAPHIC BIBLE: From Genesis to Revelation in Animated Maps and Charts. By Lewis Browne. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Gilbert Loveland

THIS is the grateful sort of book which gets itself reviewed easily. One simply leaves it on the library table. A guest picks it up—a young business man, fairly typical of that large group which has come up haphazard through the Sunday schools of the land. "I want to read this," he says, "when you are through with it. It looks as if it might unscramble the Bible for me."

Whereupon all the guests compare notes as to the exact state of scrambling in which the biblical knowledge of each reposes. The older remember the uniform lessons which theoretically led the "scholar" willy-nilly from Genesis to Revelation every six years, but which actually served only to force the faithful through a quota of verses each week with little regard for meanings and proportions. The younger members of the group, more fortunate, learned their Bible from so-called graded lessons; but, while meanings were pretty clearly grasped, proportions and perspectives were lost. Neither older nor younger could boast of even a working knowledge of the Bible.

To such as these—and their number is great—Lewis Browne's "The Graphic Bible" is recommended.

True, he meant it to be a juvenile. He conceived the idea of its creation when children whom he was teaching confided that the Bible seemed "all a pudding of funny names sprinkled with 'begats.'" This reviewer is nevertheless convinced that the greatest value of his work is offered to those who already know something of the Bible without understanding its structure or discerning in all its diversity a unity and progression of movement. Not that it fails as a book for children: another phase of the self-reviewing done by this book concerns the ten-year-old boy of the household who volunteered that he had looked at all the maps, found them interesting, and wanted to read the whole book.

Mr. Browne's product must be judged by what he aimed to produce. He has not attempted apologetics or criticism, but has retold the main incidents in the Bible "quite without debate as to their historical truth." His purpose has been to simplify the Bible, not to justify it. "Those who care to believe the whole story," he writes, "may believe; and those who are moved to doubt it, may doubt; but all should at least know the story." Naturally, in compressing the narratives within one hundred and thirty pages he has had to squeeze the juice out of them, and the reader must not expect an imaginative and detailed recital of the old Bible stories.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Browne had at first hoped to make this book with no text whatsoever, but with maps and charts so animated as to tell the story. No matter how graphic, maps and charts proved impotent to carry the movement of the Bible, and he was forced to add text. The text however is incidental; the novelty of the author's treatment is that he has succeeded in making the Bible story real by depicting it "in terms of space as well as time." "Treasure Island" seemed to his nephew so much more real than the Bible, because there was a map inside the cover of the book. If maps lent a sense of reality to a romance, they could do likewise for the Bible.

Mr. Browne has wisely dispensed with the usual modern map of regular type and flat coloring, and has drawn old-fashioned maps with dolphins and galleons and mountains and trees in the interest of liveliness. Admittedly inaccurate in such respects, the maps are otherwise dependable, having been drawn to scale. And when there are journeys or wanderings to be followed, the dotted line leads the way.

Here then is a remarkable book. It tells the Bible story, beginning with Abraham, as straight history. It provides maps in abundance—scarce a page is without a map. The period between Old and New Testaments, a hiatus to the average reader, is filled in. There is a chronology of Bible history, as graphic as the maps, with all dates noted and with this comforting instruction, "Only the ten dates printed in italics . . . to be memorized by the ordinary student." Finally there is a summary of the books of both Testaments, describing briefly the contents of each book, and telling what Mr. Browne considers pertinent about probable authors and dates of writing.

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Bittersweet

THE CHILDREN. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

PITCHED in different keys, written in different tempi, the two themes of this novel alternate as melody and counterpoint to one another. The resultant harmony is curious, the rhythms strange, but there is considerable piquancy and humor in the contrast. Neither theme can quite qualify as major—in any sense— nor should one listen too intently for dominant chords in them. The effectiveness of the whole is dependent upon sharp shifts of tone, sudden modulations and resolutions, jolly trills and grace-notes.

The Wheater children who give the book its title are the medium through which we judge most of their elders. Miscellaneous progeny of frequently remated parents, some are real Wheaters, some are "steps," but all are animated by the same desire to remain together. This desire seems a little grotesque when one remembers their various origins: Zinnie derives from Mr. Wheater's infatuation for a movie actress, and Beatrice and Astorre — alias Beechy and Bun—are the offspring of Mrs. Wheater's second husband, Prince Buondelmonte, by a previous wife of professionally acrobatic accomplishments. However, these youngsters feel bound to each other by the storms they have weathered together, by their common horror of being discarded in each new matrimonial deal of their assorted parents, above all by their devotion to their oldest sister, Judith.

Judith is one of Mrs. Wharton's most unusual and most delightful creations. Not yet quite sixteen, with most of her life spent in wandering from one Palace Hotel to another, Judy has never received any proper education—indeed only one of the small Wheaters, through the accident of a borrowed tutor, can spell—but hotel life and contact with her various parents' affairs—and "affairs"—have given her a disconcertingly improper acquaintance with facts no youngster should possess. Nevertheless, unconsciously sophisticated and disenchanted as she is, with quick eyes that detect new lovers and mistresses on the parental horizons almost as soon as they appear, she is an altogether lovable child in most of her ways and fancies. When it comes to the little Wheaters' chief preoccupation—the presents people are likely to give them—she is as much a normal youngster as any of them. It is when their great oath is in danger—their oath, solemnly sworn to on the "Cyclopædia of Nursery Remedies," never to be separated again, no matter what happens—that Judith becomes a shrewd and worldly-wise grown-up. All the children distrust penitent parents with sudden longings for their forgotten offspring. But Judy alone knows how to deal with them. "When there are seven children and a lot of parents, there's always somebody fighting about something," and Judith has learned to protect her flock by speaking of courts and lawyers to as good purpose as any of the new fathers and mothers she has encountered.

* * *

We soon meet most of these fathers and mothers, appropriately enough at the Lido, where old, new, and potentially newer mates mill around in a maelstrom of steam-yachts, pearls, cocktails, jealousies, and imperturbably lifted faces. The reflections of their hectic existence in the impressionable surfaces of their children are as amusing as they are disturbing. Youngsters who can distinguish between the models of Chanel and Callot, who can narrow their glances to the best advantage, and whose appraisal of the genuineness of jewelry is as astute as their citations of Gallic witticisms, tweak one's conscience as well as one's sense of humor.

Except for Judith and one or two of the other small Wheaters, the people of this world of easy divorces and remarriages are pricked out with swiftly satiric strokes. Occasionally the holes are a little jagged, the needles too blunt, in want of emery. Not so, however, the contrasting world of Martin Boyne and Mrs. Sellars. Here the author draws her threads with deft delicacy, however intricate her pattern. Martin first sees Judith as, in the company of governess and nurses, she is transporting her unruly flock from Biskra to Venice. Martin himself is on the way to Cortina to meet the woman—recently widowed—whom he has long desired. An engineer, tired of wandering all over the earth, he is contentedly thinking of the beautifully ordered existence of Rose Sellars. The way in which, in the mind of this middle-aged man, the gaudy, wistful, uneasy figure of little Judy impinges upon that of the gracefully harmonious woman whom he hopes to marry is exquisitely indicated. And in Martin's subsequent relations with Rose and Judith there is ample opportunity to test the wisdom —or fatuity—of his own aphorism that when a man loves a woman she is always the age he wants her to be, whereas when he ceases to love her she is either too old for witchery or too young for technique.

The scenes shift back and forth from the cool quiet and simplicity of the Tirol to the lip-stick feverishness of the Lido, and the mood of the book shifts with them. If the satire seems squeezed directly on to the canvas in thick, raw blobs at times, nothing could be more suavely mixed or more lightly laid on than its tenderness and gaiety. And whether the author is mocking or mellow, her hand is equally sure, her observation equally keen. Moreover, the very combination of mockery and mellowness, of something preposterous and something universal, gives to the story its peculiarly pleasant, bittersweet flavor.

Ripe Poetry

BURNING BUSH. By LOUIS UNTERMEYER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS

MR. UNTERMEYER has written a remarkable book of verse. In this work he *says things*; more emphatically, he says *things*. When he writes, before the writing, something has *occurred;* a birth in experience has anticipated the rebirth in poetry. A consequence follows. The ideas are interesting before and after incarnation. "Long Feud" says that living man is always pushing back the grass,—from his floors, his pavements, his cities, his skyscrapers; the grass claims the dead man. In my curt prose version, the idea loses its poetry, as it should; but it keeps its interest, as it also should. The poet's work is far, but not too far, from prose; it nods to its flannel-shirted relative: many current rhymesters seem trying to be more poetical than poetry, when they are not trying to be more prosaic than prose. There are perhaps a dozen, perhaps two dozen, poems in the book which, faithfully reflecting a true poetical experience, achieve in certain lines a sound and high fusion of passion, music, and imagination. I will mention "Sea-Gull," "Yet Nothing Less," "Any Sunset," "Scarcely Spring," "Burning Bush," "The Stone's Hymn," "Question," "Team of Oxen," "Rainbows End," "The Dream and the Blood."

After warm praise, one shrinks from quoting; one dreads the ruthlessness of aroused expectation. But readers have their claims, and I transcribe "Ordinary Miracle" (the italics are mine):

The baffled demons of our passion bore
Down in a clap of storm upon the beach.
Blood against blood had battled in our speech
As cruelly as only love can war.
Slashing with worse than swords, our anger tore
Through every cranny that its hate could reach,
Hurling its ugly blasphemies to breach
The last white wall, the barred and secret door.

Silence came with the sunset. Suddenly
Our anger crumpled as the clouds gave way
Before a light that melted earth and sea
Into each other. *Wordless, your hand lay*
Healing in mine, asking no words of me.
The earth had spoken. There was no more to say.

Reservations must follow. In "Roast Leviathan," which I admired, I was troubled by something transitional and provisional in the manner, as if Mr. Untermeyer shook hands with his thought cordially enough, but, as it were, through a car-window as the train moved off. I do not find this fault in "Burning Bush"; what teases me here is angularity in the form and tortuosity in the movement. The rhythm leaps, chamois-like, from crag to crag. The purpose, even the progression, may be sure, but the *movement* lacks continuity and cumulation. Ease and facility are often identified; I should say that Mr. Untermeyer had facility without ease. Between abundance and despatch, two merits, or at least two capacities, he is somewhat cramped and straitened. Further, he can unify, he can intensify; but he cannot subordinate. The commanding lines which I noted above do not always command; their vassals, being numerous and powerful, are insubmissive. Lastly, he has many flagrantly bad rhymes, which he probably calls assonances, and which the paper jacket (always turning the other cheek to the smiter) calls "new musical possibilities." I give all the rhymes in "Mad Proposal": bather, gather, black, rock, harries, berries, upon, moon, highland's, silence, fortitude, woods, safer, braver, cleared, dared, fever, ever, runs, stones, hunger, longer, bed, need, barren, iron, hearth, earth, father, gather, back, rock. You may be quite sure that Mr. Untermeyer has plenty of defences for this distressing conduct. Guilt is always prodigal of explanations.

But it is on no note of censure that I shall close my review of a man in whom the poetic glow, so often spent with youth, appears to borrow warmth and vigor from maturity. I am not yet ready to call him a great lyrist, but I have reached even now the stage where I should be angry with anybody who made a point of denying him that title.

Medieval Europe

AN ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES (300-1300). By JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON. New York: The Century Co. 1928.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. HASKINS
Harvard University

THIS is a serious and substantial book of nine hundred closely printed pages, full of information on many topics not often treated by writers in English, and stimulating in many of its suggestions and *rapprochements*. The author's reading is extraordinarily wide, both in the contemporary sources and in modern works, from which he quotes freely, while on subjects like the Frankish Empire and medieval Germany he speaks with the authority of a special investigator. There are ample bibliographies and a valuable equipment of maps and references to other maps. The treatment is sympathetic to the Middle Ages, but without avoiding modern comparisons and illustrations. Thus the change in the rule of the road is explained by the shift of the rider's weapons from the right to the left arm, but we miss an explanation of the complications of travel by sea at a time when men had not learned to sail against the wind. Peter the Hermit is interpreted to 1928 as a "soap-box orator," the Roman empire as "an engineer's empire."

Professor Thompson puts his economic and social history in a wide historical setting. If he emphasizes economic interpretations he is no extremist. Least of all does he trust himself to simple explanations of complex phenomena. Thus on the influence of the crusades, concerning which much nonsense has been written, he wisely declares it "impossible to distinguish between the civilization which sprang from the Crusades and the civilization which developed during the Crusades." When, however, he goes on to treat the imponderable changes, he goes beyond the evidence in stating that "the Crusades created a new state of mind." Concerning the eternal puzzle of the fall of the Roman Empire, he ends with an interrogation point, refusing to accept any single economic or social solution and countering on Gilbert Murray's suggestion of loss of nerve by asking pertinently "Why did ancient society lose its nerve?"

Like all books of history which are more than mere narratives, this volume oscillates between the poles of broad generalization and a mass of concrete detail, and the danger is always present of running to either extreme. Some readers will find the detail excessive, especially in the matter of place names, while specialists will quarrel with many of the author's bold generalizations. On the whole, however, the balance between the two elements is well held, especially in the descriptive chapters toward the close, and the volume will take a high place among university manuals.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Catheart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. V. No. 6.

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

ONE very warm day this summer, coming back in a friend's car from some errands in Hoboken—perhaps the most genuine seacoast of Bohemia left in New York—I just chanced to see, somewhere on West 38th Street, a little square of playground between high blank walls. The midday sun filled it with heavy brilliance, and many children were playing there. I only saw it for a moment, as the car spun by, but it remains memorable. On one side of those stony walls a woodland scene had been painted; on the other, stretching up high overhead, was a facsimile of sand beach and blue surf rolling in. I have thought of it many times since; and it struck me that people who are now getting back to town after vacation by actual sand and salt might walk over there some day and have a look at it. It will put all sorts of ideas in their heads.

A bookseller tells us the following anecdote, which dates from some little time ago, but perhaps still has in it a small moral for the Trade.

There is a bookstore in the South where orders given to publishers must positively be confirmed by the senior partner. One of the juniors ordered 5 copies of a new $5 book. The 5 copies came and were sold in a day. Junior suggested to Senior that they order 100 more by wire. "No; order 5 more by mail." Junior did so, but ventured to order the hundred additional by wire anyhow on his own hook. This hundred came and were all sold before the 5 arrived by parcel post. Junior then suggested again wiring for another hundred. "No; wire for ten, and show me the wire." The telegram was written out and shown to Senior. It said: *Ship express* 10 *copies Soandso*. Senior OK'd, but the telegram as sent carried another 0 after the 10.

The hundred came, and Senior raised what my bookseller friend calls merry aitch. Junior said, "We'd been ordering 50's and 100's, I suppose the publisher thought the 10 was a mistake and changed it to 100."

In due time this hundred was sold also, and still more ordered; though always against the anxious trepidation of the boss.

I suppose, to round out the story one should mention the title of the book; it was Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy*.

Publishers nowadays are in a state of considerable liveliness, and not laggard as advertisers. But not even yet, I think, has the achievement of De Goncourt's publisher been outdone. That was in Paris, in 1881. When the first instalment of *La Faustin* appeared in a magazine, the publisher erected at one of the railway terminals an advertisement 940 feet long and 124 feet high.

This same enterprising person, so De Goncourt tells in his Journal, had other ideas:

> He is going to cover Paris with posters, and the day the first instalment of *La Faustin* appears he will give away a hundred thousand chromolithographs of the lady in the streets of Paris. He laments that the police do not allow sandwichmen, which are one of the principal methods of advertising in London. But he has some great scheme in his head. And on the staircase, unable to keep his idea a secret, he suddenly turns back, and, leaning on the banisters, says: "Well, here's my idea. There is a lot of timber on the boulevards . . . the question is to print on it *'La Faustin*, on November 1st, in the *Voltaire!'* and to set it on fire. The police will certainly intervene and have it removed, but the fire will last one whole day."
>
> I listened to this scheme with a little shame, but I must admit not really very much revolted by this advertisement à la Barnum.

There is a great deal in De Goncourt's Journal which is likely to stick in one's mind. For instance: "On coming out of a theatre I was once more struck by the idea, which haunts me nearly always, that Molière, in reading his plays to his servant, was sitting in judgment on the theatre."

Every generation of children, I suppose, has its own books; and not many of these books carry over from one era to the next. Still fewer are the books that carry over from one country to another. But one of the pleasures of belonging to the English-talking races is that once in a while American and English children are likely to read one another's books. They do so, if my own memory is correct, with a delicious sense of strangeness. I have often heard Englishmen speak of the mysterious thrill they got, in childhood, from some American classics—*Uncle Remus*, for instance; *Huck Finn*; *Little Women*. What fun it is, reading a language that is apparently the same and yet so different. And there exists in this country a certain select swathe of American citizens, now verging perilously toward the age of forty and thereabouts, who twenty-five and thirty years ago used by some good luck to have access to the sainted old *Strand Magazine*. And to those admirable people (whom only the crass and unthinking could describe as Middle-Aged) the name of E. Nesbit remains as a glamor and a joy. I remember that when E. Nesbit died, Mr. William Rose Benét in the *Saturday Review* burst out into an affectionate and rousing tribute to her books. Mr. Benét and I had consorted together and worked side by side for a number of years, and neither of us had known, all that while, that we had both been raised on E. Nesbit. I can't even be certain whether the Bastable stories, now to be reissued here by Messrs. Coward-McCann, were among those that appeared in the old *Strand*. But anyhow a wise publisher has had the good idea of putting all three volumes in one, and here they are again, even with the old familiar illustrations—which first introduced us to the perennial perversities of artists, for it seemed to me that they rarely got the number of children right. I've been rereading them with some of the guilty pleasure of the parent who is playing with the clockwork train and the doll's house late on Christmas Eve.

How the Bastable stories will fare among the present generation of American children I have no notion. To cite a parallel, I have no idea how Mr. Tarkington's *Penrod* stories were received in England. But at any rate, I know a number of American parents, that same not yet really Middle-Aged lot, who will welcome again with pleasure these friends of our youth. While we were going through all the adventures of the past 25 years or so, the young Bastables haven't aged a bit. That is the privilege of people in story-books. And I must guiltily admit that, trying to put myself back into the frame of mind of 1902 or thereabouts, I found Mrs. Nesbit's charm still potent. There was still the same pleasant uncertainty as to which of the children was writing the story. There were still the oddly puzzling details that the American child will always wonder over in English books—allusions to small details that no one will ever explain. It makes it as much fun as a detective story.

There are a few things that an American child, reading *The Bastables*, really ought to know. I happened to know some of them because I had the good luck, as a small boy, to spend several vacations in England, and a chance to observe English cousins who were very Bastableish. But Mr. Benét, for instance, would he have known that a "general" was not a military man, but a servant? Would he have known that the initials H. O. meant Hornby's Oatmeal, a much advertised product? And all the talk about the clatter made by boots would mean very little unless you've seen the footgear that boys wear in England, with soles about an inch thick. Shall I ever forget the secret humiliation of having to wear, as a schoolboy in Baltimore, a pair of clumping British boots that had been bought for me during our summer in England—vast rigid thick blocks of leather which simply could not be worn out. Those were the kind of things the Bastable boys were wearing about the house while Albert's uncle (if you read the book) was trying to write.

A "guy," that doesn't mean what the American boy will suppose. It means a ragged representation of Guy Faux, dressed up for the bonfire celebrations on Guy Faux Day, November 5th. "Sausage rolls," which the Wouldbegoods had on their picnics, are a sort of English version of our hot dogs, only they're cold; a sausage cooked in a blanket of pastry. They had "ginger beer" too, which pleases me. Ginger beer is my favorite drink. With one of those agreeable inversions which are the paradox of civilization, ginger beer, the cheapest proletarian beverage of Great Britain, is in America only the secret tipple of the ultra smart. Once I even tried to get some people to invest money in a project to popularize ginger beer in New York. It's quite different from ginger ale and infinitely nicer. And mixed with gin . . . oh well. But an even greater thrill is when the Bastables had Eiffel Tower Lemonade. Is there anyone else in America who knows about that? It came in little packages with a picture of the Eiffel Tower on them—yellow crystals which you mixed with water, a somewhat meagre potation, but a great thrill for a child.

I find myself thinking again, just as I did 25 years ago, that the Bastable children's father wasn't so much of a fellow. They were very loyal, and stood up for him and even bragged about the fact that he was a Balliol man; but the youthful reader, who is mighty shrewd, sees that the next-door uncle was really a better sort. Perhaps some of us have a specially sympathetic feeling for that uncle, who was trying to write books with six or eight children around. As he remarked:

> "I suppose I must not ask for complete silence. That were too much. But if you could whistle, or stamp with your feet, or howl—anything to vary the monotony of your well-sustained conversation."

But the uncle didn't really know what trouble is. His were the days before the telephone.

I expect it's a mistake to try to make children read what you think they ought to enjoy, or what you yourself enjoyed at their age. I observe that the Jules Verne, the Mayne Reid, the Henty, that meant much to me, don't get the same attention in my own family that welcomes innumerable series of Tom Swift and His Wireless Messages or Rover Boys at Nightmare Abbeys, or whatever they're called. But I do like to leave good things round where they can get picked up, and there will surely be a certain number of households where it is excellent news that E. Nesbit is once more in print.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Epigrams of a Bachelor

(*Inscription pour une statue de l'Amour*)

Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître;
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être.
—Voltaire, *Epigrammes*.

RETROSPECT

Some women I have loved, but you are she
Who with full bounty of your heart loved me;
And as I loiter back across the years,
Oh, it is you, not they, who bring the tears.

TASTE

Some men seem quite content to press
Dolls instead of girls:
But I need more for happiness
Than half a hundred curls.

CYNICISM

O man, do you dare despise
The splendor of women's eyes?
O man, your grandest passions
Are puppets of women's fashions.

WISDOM

An ugly man like me alone is
For maids not to resist;
Kiss me, my dears, and leave Adonis
Judiciously unkissed.

PHILOSOPHY

Sages, seeing the graceful green of trees,
Say, "Women are not so beautiful as these."
But I, mere man, who love all trees, must say
I know a lady lovelier than they.

HAPPINESS

Life brings some things to blast, but this to bless:
A woman's tenderness.

MEMORY

Long, long I marveled at her matchless face,
Pondered each separate beauty, separate grace,
Swore that my verse should hold secure her fame—
If I could but recall her face, her name!

ADVICE

Hear not, see not, touch not, taste them not:
So shall these women haply be forgot—
Or haply not.

ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS, JR.

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Jungles of Sea-Cow Reef

EARLY on a Wednesday in March I prepared for an exploring visit to Lamentin Reef, along shore in the Gulf of Gonave, Haiti, but as I went down the gangway I found that I could see the bottom of the bay sixty feet beneath the schooner. It was a faint reflection and no clear details were visible. I decided to make a record dive and improve on my descent of forty feet in the Galapagos.

A rope, with a weight on the end, was lowered from the gangway platform, and with two lengths of hose joined together and a husky man at the pump, I was helmed and slid slowly down the line. The great hull of my schooner, the *Lieutenant*, curving away into dimness, was all covered with a dense growth of seaweed and various reef animals. A great school of Aurelia jellies brushed slowly past, but as the hull faded to a dull shadow I fixed my mind on the mass of water below. At my last upward glance, part of the black shadow swerved outward toward me, detaching itself and fashioning into a twenty-five foot shark. To be sure, when I scrummaged into a ball on my slender rope and looked carefully, the oncoming selacian dwindled to about a third of my first estimate, and two young ones showed more curiosity about me than she did. They soon melted again into the schooner shadow and I was alone. Then my rope twisted slightly and I found myself gazing at a huge bit of shark bait on a hook and line dangling from the aft deck. In my present pose, crouched into a ball on my own rope, there was altogether too much resemblance to the object in front of me, so I promptly unrolled and slid down.

The shark bait proved to be my last touch with the upper world. Slowly I slid down and down, and for all definite feelings I might have been just one additional translucent jelly floating in the turquoise ether. Now and then a tiny, but active, jellylet brushed against the glass of my helmet, and I involuntarily swept it away as one would a cobweb or a gnat in the upper air. Then, without warning, I was aware of having less adaptable organs of sense than the casual jellies, and a needle-sharp pain shot through my right ear—my old airplane ear. I scrambled up a yard or two and began to swallow and wobble my neck about. Then I opened my mouth, depressed my tongue and said *Ah-h-h-h-h* as I do for a tonsil-interested doctor. Soon there came the reassuring little squeak of equalizing air in the Eustachian tube or somewhere in my head; the pain vanished and I went on. I slid more slowly now and did not have to delay again, except when my pet school of *Caranx latus* swept past—seven left of the eleven which had first made our keel their happy hunting ground. Three times they repassed, and circled once before vanishing.

* * *

On and on I went, with only the slow ascending hemp spiral to make real the passage of space. I felt I was taking an unconscionable amount of time, and had descended only a few yards beneath the schooner, when my feet struck the three-link weight which hung at the end of the rope. The thrill which marks the unexpected arrival at a goal was mine, and did something to my ears, so, like a monkey on a stick, I shot up again. In a few seconds I was hanging from the last link, my feet sinking in soft, age-old ooze. Even through my rubber sneakers I could feel the silky, almost oily, smoothness. The light was surprisingly good, my ears were quite normal, and I sensed my position vividly. I kneeled down and found I was in a chamber of visibility about ten feet square. In the surface of the slime were many small craters sheltering unknown occupants. At my feet and scattered here and there, appeared great maggots of holothurians, worthy tenants of this world of ooze. Each had a pattern, and to prove my goal, I selected the most colorful and squeezing it into dumb-bell shape I caught it netsuke-fashion in my belt. Climbing slowly, and swallowing as I went, I made good time and at last lifted my sea-cucumber prize aloft above the water—an echinodermic Excaliber. My next goal will be one hundred feet.

When my sea-cucumber and I had rested from our unusual experience, I examined him more attentively. I got out a key to West Indian sea-cucumbers and, from the fact that he was over a foot in length, lived in the mud, was olive buff dotted thickly with clove brown, and the happy possessor of twenty tentacles, and with hundreds of tube feet arranged in three series, I was able to call him by his correct scientific name—*Stichopus moebii*. For an organism which, in the bloom of perfect health, resembles a giant maggot, the euphony of this binomial is not amiss.

A new lot of fish was calling for my attention, but I neglected them for a few minutes longer. I took a lens and surveyed more carefully my fellow tenant of ten fathoms down. His skin was knobby and thorny and olive and brown, and in a hundred places I saw tiny stems supporting circles of delicate tentacles. At first I thought of these as some minute structure of the holothurian itself. Then I took a pair of forceps and almost at a touch off came the hydra. More and more and more hydras were found—lowly cousins of sea-anemones, living happily on this great creature, as a gnat might perch upon an elephant. I placed four hydras under my microscope, and the very first one I looked at had a bulging parasite near the middle of a tentacle. "And so *ad infinitum*" I chanted, then turned the

CORAL CAVE

cucumber over to my preparateur, and began on my fish.

One windy day we took the motor boat and went a few miles down shore. The water was choppy and, to an unaided eye, quite opaque. The lighthouse passed astern and a big bay opened out before us. Several natives were fishing and a flock of pelicans watched and dived and rose again. We put a water bucket overboard, threw up the blinds of the wave-marred surface, and discovered Lamentin or Sea-cow Reef. Unlike Sand Cay it was of a barrier or shore-fringing type, and lay parallel with the land, about four miles west of our schooner. Also, unlike Sand Cay, sea-fans and gorgonias were subordinate to corals—massive brain mounds as big as automobiles, and elkhorn forests twelve and fifteen feet high.

We found a beautifully graded transition from land to deep water, and took elaborate notes for future technical papers. The cocoanut palms gave place to a fringe of mangroves with their toes wet by the high tides. Then came a sandy beach reaching beyond low tide, next a zone of short, hair-like grass, and a wide area of Thalassia or eel-grass. Rather abruptly this merged into the reef. The inner side of the reef was level and shallow, wadable at low water. Small heads of coral grew here —nubbins branched and millepores.

It always seemed that in the places most difficult of access were to be found the greatest prizes. The *Isopora*, or branched corals, grow in ghostly tangle of cylindrical, white thickets fathoms down, quite impenetrable. As they neared the surface the branches flattened into the moose-antlered type, and grew less closely together. I ventured, more than once, to creep down into these tangles of coral branches, testing each before I put my weight on it, and striving to keep my hose free from being jammed and perhaps torn in a crotch. In the open reef, no matter what happened, one could always lift off the helmet and swim up, but here there was a cruel, interlaced, cobweb of sharp-edged ivory overhead, and escape was possible only by slow, deliberate choice of passage. As I painfully made my way down nearer the level of the ground corals, I encountered portières of the stinging millepores. When I reached these I unslung the hammer at my back and pounded off the outer layers, and there, like jewels in a geode, were occasionally to be found tiny trees, an inch or two in height, of the exquisite and rare pink coral. I do not remember anything in my undersea experience which gave me more sheer esthetic joy than spying out these beautiful bits of color—looking like the diminutive wind-blown pines of Fujiyama.

Again and again on these reefs, although the general effects are all on a big scale, as I sit on a bit of sand between great animal forests, I see Japanese gardens. When I walk through terrestrial gardens, whether old-fashioned or over-landscaped, it is man's height masses of color which form the character of the garden and the pride of the owner. Has no one, I wonder, ever cared to have literally a squatter's garden, one which has to be knelt to, in order to discern the tiny blossoms, or detect the evanescent odors? My pink coral trees made such a thing real and very desirable.

When clouds prevented photography, and a swell made climbing too hazardous and blood-letting an enjoyment, I would break off and send up great branches and heads of half-dead coral from the débris of the reef floor. Sitting in such a place, where there was not sufficient nourishment or protection for the coral to grow luxuriantly, the aspect would be characterized by sombreness—browns, dull purples, sage greens.

* * *

But when we began to break open the coral débris sent up to the boat, Aladdin's caves were everywhere, and our eyes were flooded with imprisoned rainbows and spectrums. The flower worms, buried deep in the stony lime, glowed with hues from red to violet, their clustered gills revealing concentric rings of color like those of our grandmother's bouquets; the sea shells, dirty white outside, when opened glowed with sunset pink and opalescence; crabs were hiding in filched shells, which in turn were in coral chambers from which there was no escape, and the colors of their legs and eyes defied human names; mantis-shrimps imprisoned behind zenana-like windows of the sponge gratings, reflected, from antennæ tips to telson edge, all the subtle shades and hues which dodge in and out between the primary and secondary colors of the earth.

On Sea-cow Reef where the corals thin out, there appeared in force the more pliant ferns and nets; fans and plumes of gorgonias. Tall, slender clumps had exactly the manner of growth of candelabra cactus, but covered with a dense polyp fur of clove brown. Some of the fluffiest stung at a touch, and, at the same touch, withdrew every polyp, leaving bare the rich purple trunk and branches,—an emotional autumn of fear which swept over the full-blown foliage swiftly as a shadow. Indeed, a shadow alone will work magic with supersensitive polyp tentacles, and the animal forests shaded by the hull of my boat floating overhead, were, judged by the foliage of terrestrial plants, a month behind their fellows in the sun.

The fretwork gorgonia fans were frequently abraded, or showed great holes torn or worn in their substance. To my delight I found that these were used as scratching places by passing fish, the parrots especially enjoyed oozing slowly through these tears and rubbing back and forth against the broken ivory strands. I shall never forget looking up at a great sheet of purple grill stretching across my path, and seeing the head and pectoral fins of a blazing parrot fish projecting from a jagged hole. It watched me calmly from its perch and backed out reluctantly only when I approached it too closely.

One of my favorite diving places on Sea-cow was along the outer edge, where the reef dipped into the breathless mystery of deep water. Here, in five to seven fathoms I would submerge until I was blue and shaking, then come up cursing my bodily limitations.

It was the most Galapagos-like place I had seen. But the walking was terrible, almost like clinker-glass lava, over sharp, up-ended coral, breaking off sufficiently to let one's bare legs slip down and be gashed on the razor edges. Here and there were small sand patches, deep hidden between stag-horn branches, and the whitest of nubbin coral, which, like beds of sweet alyssum or candytuft, carpeted

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by William Beebe

every vacant spot. Underneath was the fallen débris of years,—rotting coral branches broken off high overhead by mighty storms, overgrown with lichen algæ, sponges, and mock-moss. On the animal hillsides blossomed great variegated worm blooms, more delicate than any orchid, while lesser flowers — mauve, pink, and scarlet — marked the trap-door worms, which far outdo the spiders of the earth, for these doors were part and parcel of the worms, and close automatically.

I climbed six feet up a coral mountain and crouched behind a chevaux-de-frise of fretwork panels, hewn out of sheer ivory, and as I well know, not-to-be-touched, because of glass edges and stinging cells. I now looked down and down from the visible reef rim, down into the void of the sea,—into that absolute blueness which leads the eye on forever, yet conceals everything. It was like night reversed, that sky darkness which seems impenetrable at arm's length, and yet suddenly reveals the moon and distant stars.

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As I climbed I dislodged several coral boulders which fell slowly past me. An avalanche undersea could only be described in slow motion terms. Small fish, like vultures about a fallen chamois, gather at once, but unlike even the swiftest vulture, they are around and under and atop of the rolling coral heads long before they have come to rest.

For the next many minutes I used very little of the oxygen from the air faithful Serge was pumping down to me, for I sat quiet, barely breathing. Out of the blueness blurred forms came, small and large. I was reminded of the time I was caught at early dusk in a salt plain in south Ceylon, and crouched watching several foggy forms, hoping they were boars, fearful of their being wild buffalo. Only now I did not fear, I simply watched with the same absolute concentration and joy which every entrance into this no-man's land filled me. Before long, I saw more clearly, and a mob of huge parrotfish came into full view, working slowly toward me, feeding and idly wandering about as they came. They drifted around a coral spur, but before the last straggler vanished, the vanguard appeared again out of the distant brilliance, and now their numbers were augmented. I counted up to one hundred and thirty-nine, and then realized that three hundred would be within reason. None were less than a foot, while most were more than two feet in length and at least twenty measured a full yard. They were chiefly of one species—a *Pseudoscarus*, known at any distance by the great, green, parrot-beak teeth.

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The strength which these fish exerted in wrenching off a head of coral was astonishing, and every time, a swirl of lime débris would ascend like a dustcloud. In and out among the fish dashed a school of wrasse, intent on securing the crumbs. But most amusing were the attacks made on even the largest whenever they stopped to feed, by tiny demoiselles who feared nothing that swam when it came to defending their homes. To see a three-inch black and yellow fury driving full force against the side of these blue enameled giants was to see courage at its height. And when the great fish had torn off its titbit, it good humoredly allowed itself to be butted aside, the general effect being of a single tiny tug striving to nose the *Ile de France* into mid-stream. Although I have seen such fish as gar and barracuda thus attacked, I have never seen them turn upon their midget assailants and swallow them at a gulp as they could do so easily.

In the midst of one of these encounters, while several score of the green-beaked parrots were gathered about me, I saw the blue distance give up another great form, and a six-foot tarpon,—the king of the reef,—grew into solidity, swam toward me, passed unnoticed through the school of parrots, and almost immediately dissolved again.

More than ever before I was impressed with the difference between the world of fishes and my own. We both possess three dimensions, but in comparison with theirs, ours is a realm of but two and a quarter. The great enameled forms before me rose and fell, circled, approached and receded, all with equal ease. We likewise can run to and fro, but for the rest must leap and climb laboriously, or fall with danger to life and limb.

Within a few minutes of sighting the first of the school, I was completely puzzled by a remarkable habit. A parrot would scull slowly up to a small head or branch of coral, deliberately take it in his mouth, and by some invisible muscular turbine movement break it off. Moving away a few feet, the great fish would then upend,—head up, tail straight down, in mid-water and hang there. I watched carefully and saw no movement of the jaws although the mouth was open. For several minutes it would remain suspended and then move off to another coral titbit. During the period of verticality, and internal mastication, if such it was, a school of little wrasse darted out and thoroughly cleaned cheeks, lips, teeth, and scales of all particles of organic coral débris, the parrotfish remaining quite motionless all the while. It was an aquatic parallel of crocodile and plover, cattle and egret, rhino and tick bird. Many times I have seen these fish push with the pectoral fins, lever-like, against adjacent coral to give them greater wrenching force in breaking it off.

When we have watched and watched, when we have fished with every imaginable bait and hook, when we have netted and dredged, lured with light and shot with tiny harpoons, then, when finally we still see strange and beautiful fish quite unknown to us, we stoop to pothunters' methods,—securing sticks of dynamite and detonating caps.

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In the course of our dynamiting, we obtained some very interesting results. On the fourth of May I let off two sticks at Sea-cow Reef and got seventy-one fish. The fallacy of generalization was well shown by an entry in my field note-book. Looking down at the lot of fish, I wrote, "the seventy-odd taken to-day are exceedingly brilliant, most of them glowing with every color of the spectrum."

Later, I analyzed them, one by one, and found that the brilliant and the dull were about equal in numbers of individuals,—thirty-seven to thirty-four. The species showed a less even result, sixteen being decidedly bright colored and seven dull.

After the first of these shots, I saw a large fish disturb the surface as it snapped at a floating victim. I went down with John Tee-Van to collect fish and to gather some pink coral I had located behind a veil of millepores. On our way, as we clambered over some bad going, I saw a dead Equus in a deep cavern, and to reach it I had to lie as flat as my helmet permitted. As I straightened up, I saw an enormous fish just ahead—a grouper. He showed no signs of fear, and in fact came still closer to examine us. He was of a monochrome elephant's-breath color, with darker fins, deep and heavy body almost as long as ourselves, and bulging, yellow eyes. The great mouth was filled with irregular teeth, an inch or more of many being visible. From these and other characters we identified him as a large jewfish, *Garrupa*. He swam slowly and majestically out from the shelter of a coral crag, and, turning slowly and gently upside down almost at our feet, the great fish skilfully picked up and swallowed a dead parrot. As we watched, fascinated by the hulk of the big fellow, ready with my crowbar as I was uncertain of his mood, I saw a twelve-inch shark sucker, *Echeneis*, slipping over his body. It was hardly ever quiet, but kept slithering about like a skater on ice, over body, head, back almost to the tail and once even over the eyes. When the jewfish moved, the sucker took up a position on the nape and lay along the slope in front of the dorsal fin.

In the wake of the giant there followed a dozen blue-lined jacks, swimming slowly a few feet behind their great baron. When he came to rest, they gathered in a huddled group, a little distance away, like whispering courtiers in an anteroom.

One of my last days at Sea-cow Reef was rough and I made no attempt to select a favorable spot, but working the motor boat well to the eastward, I dropped anchor and slid over at a venture. It looked like a rather poor location and I was about to ascend, when I let the tide drift me some way along a narrow path of soft sand. In the distance I caught sight of an enormous wall of coral. I went back, picked up the anchor and, shouldering it, towed the boat nearer. When I again went on I found a narrow gorge between two mighty coral masses, and passing through, I came to one of the most diversified and beautiful places I have ever been in under water.

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The narrow gorge opened up into a large circular arena of sand, planted here and there with sea-plumes, while the surrounding, lofty walls were covered with all imaginable shapes and shades of reef life, living tapestries which waved and nodded with every pulsation of the water. Large fish were abundant, a school of two-foot silver snappers appearing from some concealed cavern and milling with curiosity around and around me. Near the sand were purple surgeons and golden-lined hæmulons, both, revealing their passing emotions by the ebb and flow of dark bands across the scales. I sat quietly at the entrance of a side valley and watched the scene shift and change. Two sharks looked in from opposite sides, and a third followed my trail from the boat.

With the first were three barracudas, passing quietly, with the supercilious expression which their projecting under-lips always give. Finally a procession of two hundred and six blue surgeons made a circuit of the whole arena, examining the coral walls several feet up, and most vividly recalling to my mind the waters of Galapagos. One of the barracudas was wholly eclipsed by a dense mass of jellyfish which passed in front of his suspended form. As I made my way out, I saw my old friend the six-foot tarpon just turning past the anchor rope. He had two scales missing from beneath the mid-side, and this was the ninth time I had seen him. He was apparently the only one of his kind at this reef, and, as I have already said, time after time when I dived, he would swim over, and pass slowly within ten feet.

It was a worthy farewell to Lamentin Reef, and the last look I took around before I ascended, fixed in my mind a seascape, most noble, most beautiful, and filled with unsolved problems of such compelling interest that my life overhead threatened in comparison to be drab and uneventful.

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William Beebe, who is primarily a scientist and incidentally a writer, is one of those all too scarce men of science who can present facts so that they have the fascination of fiction. He has published much in the magazines and has a goodly number of books to his credit. The article above is to constitute part of a chapter in his new volume, "Beneath Tropic Seas," to be issued on September 21 by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It presents some of the results of an expedition, led by him and sponsored by the New York Zoölogical Society, which made investigations into the floor of the Gulf of Gonave, Haitian fish life, and semi-tropical flora.

Mr. Beebe's earlier books include "Two Bird Lovers in Mexico," "The Bird," "Log of the Sun," "Our Search for a Wilderness," "Tropical Wild Life," "Monograph of the Pheasants," "Jungle Peace," "Edge of the Jungle," "Galapagos," "World's End," "Jungle Days," and "The Arcturus Adventure."

"The present style of men's evening dress," says *John O'London's Weekly*, "came into fashion just a century ago through the medium of a novel. In the summer of 1828 Bulwer Lytton published 'Pelham,' which immediately became a 'best seller.' In it the mother of the hero says to him: 'I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you. You look best in black, which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so.' Commenting on this in his unfinished biography of his father the novelist's son writes: 'Lord Oxford tells me that the adoption of the now invariable black for evening wear dates from the publication of 'Pelham' in 1828. Till then evening dress coats were of different colors—brown, green, or blue, according to the fancy of the wearer.'"

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Books of Special Interest

Essays of Boswell

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. Being the seventy Essays by the celebrated biographer, JAMES BOSWELL, appearing in the *London Magazine* . . . and here first reprinted. Edited by MARGERY BAILEY. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1928. 2 vols. $15.

Reviewed by FREDERICK A. POTTLE.

Nor can I boast that my practise is uniformly what it should be. But I am absolutely certain that in these papers my principles are most sincerely expressed.

"The Hypochondriack," 'On Concluding'.

THOUGH in 1777 James Boswell had published neither of the works in Johnsonian biography on which his present fame rests, he was already an author of international reputation. He had been the sole or association author of some twenty broadsides, pamphlets, and books. His "Account of Corsica" had run through three large editions in England, as many more in Ireland, and had been translated into German, Dutch, Italian, and twice into French. He had also published in newspapers and magazines a great deal more than will ever be known. (It is significant in connection with "The Hypochondriack" that his first recorded publication was a graveyard poem, "An Evening-Walk in the Abbey-Church of Holyroodhouse," which he printed, at the age of eighteen, in the *Scots Magazine*.) His "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," though it was not to appear in print until 1785, had been practically finished for publication since 1774. It is remarkable that from 1774 to 1780 he is not known to have brought out any books or pamphlets, though of course he did not cease to publish. The most ambitious of all his periodical undertakings belongs to this period. From November, 1777 to August, 1783, he contributed a monthly paper called the The Hypochondriack to the *London Magazine*, a periodical of which he calls himself a "proprietor." Probably not twenty people now living have been able to read the whole of this long series in its original setting. Dr. Bailey and the Stanford Press have done a most valuable service in giving us this beautifully printed and admirably edited book, which enables us for the first time easily to study a representative portion of a strangely neglected side of the literary production of one of the most famous of British authors.

Dr. Bailey's editing is leisurely and ample, after the manner of Dr. Hill's annotation of the "Life of Johnson." I believe one may risk the high praise of saying that though she has made some mistakes, her percentage of error is nearly as small as in Hill himself. The most difficult part of the editing—the identification of the sources of Boswell's mottoes, and the running to earth of the many obscure Latin, French, Dutch and Italian authors from whom he quotes—she has done to perfection. Her prefaces seem to me highly original, and yet among the sanest and soundest critical essays on Boswell ever written. The tone of her remarks on her author is almost invariably exactly right. She obviously admires and respects him, but has a clear eye for his shortcomings; she shows her affection for him, but does not patronize him.

The chief interest of "The Hypochondriack" is autobiographical. A rereading of the series has confirmed my previous opinion: Boswell's genius does not show to advantage in the essay. Yet as autobiographical revelation "The Hypochondriack" will hold anybody's attention. Even in its most slipshod portions it possesses that strange magic that Trevelyan remarked in all Boswell's writing, a magic that makes his most trivial composition always readable.

The central problem of the series—why did Boswell write it?—Dr. Bailey handles, as it seems to me, most skilfully. She perhaps underestimates the motive of literary fame, which bulked very large in everything Boswell wrote, but I think she establishes beyond question her main contention, viz. that his principal motive was self-discipline. The years 1777-1782 were a most difficult period in Boswell's life. Forced against his inclination into the study of the law, he had, for more than a decade, worked hard and successfully at his distasteful profession. But by 1777 it had become obvious to him that his temperament would effectually bar him from attaining through the law that commanding position in life which his uneasy ambition demanded. The failing health of his father, that stern judge who continued to treat him as though he were a minor, made it clear that it would soon be necessary for him to take full control of his own destiny, either as laird of Auchinleck or as a struggling lawyer with a family, disinherited in favor of his younger brother. He therefore examines himself minutely on all the points of most importance to himself: hypochondria (Essay 39 ought to convince even the most sceptical that Boswell was subject to attacks of melancholia so acute as to approach mania), love and marriage, death, authorship, drinking (there are more essays on this topic than on any other), religion, and, most delightful of all, the keeping of diaries. The "principles" which he states so humbly and sincerely are invariably conservative and pious.

I do not know how the difficulties of self-discipline could be better brought out than by a sympathetic comparison of Boswell's analysis of his principles in "The Hypochondriack" with the record of his conduct in his letters and diaries. The disquieting thing about self-reform is that nobody, no matter how strenuous, seems able to discipline himself to exemplary behavior in all respects. Great and good men are prone to faults that seem to us strangely easy to overcome. Dr. Johnson, who possessed remarkable strength of character, disciplined himself rigidly against intemperance in drinking, but never against intemperance in eating. Lord Auchinleck, a man of the most rigid morality, had no control over himself when his politics were attacked. On a memorable occasion, these two great men quarreled violently while Boswell sat by in serene calm. He had, in his way, as much self-discipline as either of them. What was peculiar to him was that the discipline he so anxiously pursued to make him a good man, bore fruit only as it made him a great artist.

"Shooting" Africa

SAFARI: A SAGA OF THE AFRICAN BLUE. By MARTIN JOHNSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928. $5.

GORILLA: TRACKING AND CAPTURING THE APE-MAN OF AFRICA. By BEN BURBRIDGE. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by DALE WARREN

THE author of the first of these volumes declares that "Africa is better material to-day than ever before" and backs up his assertion with a superbly illustrated book that amply justifies this simple statement. There are no fireworks in "Safari," no conscious attempts to heighten dramatic values, no pages, paragraphs, or sentences even, that might be set down as "fancy writing." Purple patches are left to the stylists, atmospheric tints to the imitators of Hearn and Loti. Mr. Johnson is just a plain camera man, and proud of it. His narrative story of four years in British East Africa is written in clear, direct, grammatical English that would delight the most fastidious of high school composition teachers. The vividness of his picture stamps itself on the mind and a graphic impression remains long after the book is closed. Simplicity of expression is a lesson which Mr. Johnson has learned to advantage. Can it be that the camera is responsible?

Mr. Johnson went to Africa to take pictures and never once in the course of his narrative does he step out of character as the man behind the camera. When I say Mr. Johnson I really should say Mr. and Mrs. Johnson for Osa Johnson plays a more important part than that of the usual author's wife, supplying the author with some of his best literary and photographic material, and having handily saved his life.

The Johnsons set up housekeeping on the shores of Lake Paradise and from that base made the various field expeditions (safari) that enabled them to surprise the denizens of the jungle at the most unusual moments. No hyena was safe prowling around after dark. No striped zebra could take a drink without hearing the click of Mr. Johnson's ever-ready camera. No elephant or rhino could spend an evening alone with his mate without a suspicion that someone was watching every careless gesture.

Mr. Johnson remains silent about the gorilla, and therefore steals very little of Mr. Burbridge's thunder. The latter carried his enthusiasm to the extent of bringing back to his Florida home a live specimen christened "Miss Congo," but his book, for all the author's trips to Africa and all his high-sounding phrases, does not ring as true as Mr. Johnson's naïve chronicle.

VASCO

By

MARC CHADOURNE

Translated by

ERIC SUTTON

Preface by FORD MADOX FORD

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—THE NATION AND ATHENAEUM (*London*).

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—Amelia Von Ende in THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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—Paul Morand in THE DIAL.

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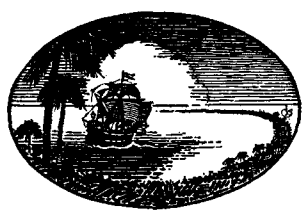

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Points of View

American Criticism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Norman Foerster writes you in your August 11 issue commenting on certain animadversions of Mary M. Colum in your columns regarding such humanists as Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. I note an interesting omission in Mr. Foerster's letter. After remarking on the underlying firmness of Mr. Babbitt's thought, he suggests to the "constitutionally antipathetic" reader an exposition of this thought by an English critic, Mr. P. S. Richards. But Mr. Foerster fails to mention that there has also appeared this summer an exposition by an American critic, which for lucidity and logic could hardly be bettered. That is by Mr. Foerster himself. Under the impersonal nomination of "the new humanism" it is contained in the fifth chapter of his recent book, "American Criticism."

This finely wrought analysis deserves, I feel, to be urged on the attention of all those readers concerned with criticism, who, contrary to Mrs. Colum, believe that the strife between romanticism and classicism still continues, and believe that a better understanding of it is to be greatly desired.

ALAN REYNOLDS THOMPSON.

Berkeley, Calif.

Mrs. Colum Writes

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

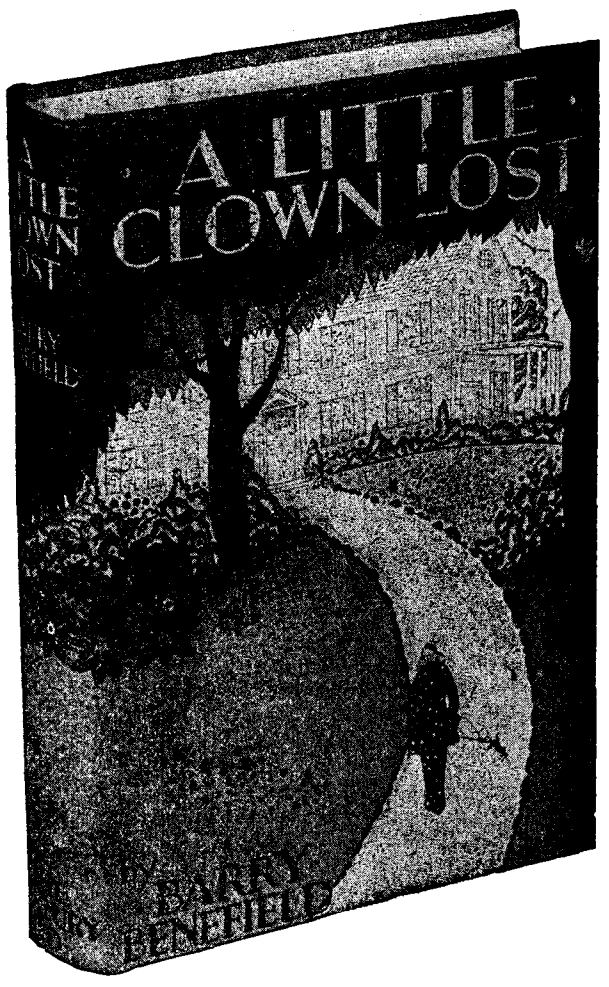
In a letter in your issue of August 11th, Mr. Norman Foerster accuses me of saying in a recent article that I found Gorham B. Munson "peculiar" because he believes that the principles of classical art are permanently valuable." I made no such statement. Mr. Munson could not possibly believe that the principles of classical art are more valuable than I do. I believe that the principles underlying all art that is lasting are valuable, even permanently valuable, whatever nomenclature or label may be attached to them. I am not as much interested in labels and labellers as in the value of the art produced and in the artist who produces it. Mr. Foerster cannot have read my article with much attention. I found Miss Glasgow and Mr. Munson peculiar for the same sort of reasons—each wished to reserve all or a part of the production of American literature for a particular type. Miss Glasgow thought that a small foothold ought to be reserved for the descendants of the pioneers; Mr. Munson, if I understood him aright, thought the classicists had a right to the whole field. Now in literature nobody can dictate any trend or mould or mode; literature is free for anybody who can produce it, and it does not matter what labels they bear, whether they are classicists, romanticists, jazzists, blastists, or Babbitts—the important thing is that they should produce the literature. There is no reason why a part, or the whole of American literature, should not be produced by any of them, or all of them together if they have the power, the passion, the intellect, and the imagination capable of doing it. I do not believe that American literature is, or ever has been, either classical or romantic: these terms are not practical in the discussion of contemporary literature. As for Mr Foerster's reference to Mr. Munson's classicism, I do not find him from his book either a classicist or an exponent of classicism.

I did not, as Mr Foerster accuses me, attack Mr. Paul Elmer More, whom I admire very much; I praised Mr. Paul Elmer More; I said "he is a very fine critic of the academic type who is never much at his ease with contemporary writers." As to what Mr. Foerster considers my most damaging assertion, "It would be very easy to show that Mr. Paul Elmer More has far more of a tendency towards Romanticism than towards Classicism," I do not think this statement damaging to Mr. More; it is merely damaging to Mr. Munson's statements about him. If my statement about Mr. More needs explanation, I shall be delighted to give it in a future article.

As for my essaying a definition of romanticism and classicism, I certainly not only essayed the definitions, but achieved two quite good ones. Mr. Foerster also essayed definitions of Classicism and Romanticism in his book "American Criticism," and why not? . . . I will leave it to those interested to say whose definitions were the best.

MARY M. COLUM.

Only BARRY BENEFIELD *could have written it....*



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A Letter from London

By May Lamberton Becker

A NEW YORKER who may not live out a year's lease without finding the house pulled down under him, finds something soothing about a city where so little changes from year to year as it does in London. To be sure, it is but twenty months since I left it, and that is scarce time for anything drastic to be done. The green gardens of Grosvenor House have disappeared forever—or until the New Zealander comes around—beneath a huge Americanoid apartment hotel, and signs unmistakable to old New Yorkers show that the rest of Park Lane will soon be gone the same way. Bricks and mortar have likewise hidden the greater part of the frontage of the last farm in Kensington, the vegetable gardens of Holland House, though from the top of the 73 bus it is still possible to glimpse around one end a man with a hoe, serenely cultivating the British national flower, the sweet summer cabbage. The house that was taken down on Piccadilly to the left of the entrance to the Albany has at last been rebuilt; to my relief, for the brown building clearly suffered from involuntary exposure, and glared through the gap like a Victorian matron losing her white petticoat on the street and daring you to notice it. On Piccadilly Circus hoardings still hide building operations: there is bound to be disappointment when those boards come down, for nothing less than Aladdin's palace would justify the length of time they have been up.

But these are minor matters: nothing important has been changed. Waterloo Bridge has not yet fallen down, and Thackeray's house in Young street still stands up against the drygoods trade and in the most gentlemanly manner refuses to have been bought by Barker's. Mike, the British Museum cat, is still going strong. He has been connected with the institution for seventeen years on the record, but his age is unknown and he is believed to be coëval with the two stone images from Easter Island on the porch, the ones popularly known as "Hodder" and "Stoughton." I was almost afraid to look for him when I arrived at the B. M. in May, for a cold rain had been falling most of the month, but there he was, sitting in a pool of ice-water, extending to the elements the same scorn he turns on the human race—for Mike has snubbed more celebrities than any other creature alive. Sir Wallace Budge may retire on a pension, but Mike refuses an emeritus; the doorman pointed him out stalking sparrows the other day, and his one concession to his time of life is that he no longer sleeps on top of one of the entrance pillars. How ever he used to get up to this perch, the summit of seven feet of smooth polished stone, I cannot imagine, but I have seen him coming down.

Other details dear to the American visitor are yet as they were; for instance, the signs showing that much of the real estate business of Bayswater is in the hands of Chesterton of Notting Hill, the chief competitor being the firm of Dickens. This may be why the solicitors employed by both firms are Brain and Brain. This, however, is a by-path from which I must firmly turn aside, after I have cleared my system of the fact that much of the apartment-renting business is handled by the house of Waite and Waite—which, to one who has tried to rent a flat, is turning the knife in the wound. As for the people of London, from poets to policemen, I hope they never change at all. If someone must, I will take my chance with poets, provided policemen remain as they are. Indeed I hope no Londoners change in the least; sooner or later they have to get through telling you about America, and then they are altogether perfect.

One reason why life in London keeps on so even a keel may be because everyone who has once become a national or even a local institution seems to feel that he owes it to his public to remain easily recognizable. I have seen Dean Inge on Piccadilly as gloomy as if he were being paid for it—which, in a newspaper sense, I suppose he is. I cannot think that G. K. Chesterton would consent to upset public confidence by losing weight, or that G. B. S. has not some sense of owing it to his legend to preserve the almost incredible spotlessness of his general effect—to which may be compared only that of a Sealyham immediately after a bath. Why, even animals share this concern for the *status quo*, and a police dog that has become a feature of a restaurant in Soho feels it a civic duty to sleep every afternoon at the same hour rolled in the centre of the sidewalk in front of the establishment, convenient to fall over. Consideration like this greatly simplifies life for the visitor, who continually rejoices to find buildings so much like the postcards and authors so much like their publicity.

Some of them, however, look younger than most of their photographs; John Buchan, for instance, perhaps because he lives in the timeless serenity of Oxford and commutes to town, the house of Nelson, and the House of Commons. It was he who first praised to me Shaw's "Intelligent Woman's Guide," saying it was delightful reading and had done for Socialism by making it completely intelligible. Another young-looking one is Frank Swinnerton, but he lives in the country without so much as commuting, no doubt finding it too hard to leave more than briefly an ancient cottage with a garden quite too good to be true, further embellished by a black cat of surprising intelligence, to which both Mr. and Mrs. Swinnerton are properly devoted. No one talks about other people so charmingly as Frank Swinnerton: he is what Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney used to call a "golden gossip," the kind that makes you wish someone would gossip about you like that. The only trouble with his talk is that you want to get it all into print directly, and that is nothing at all for a guest to do.

Someone told me lately that when Buffalo Bill was in London long ago and used to call at each performance for a volunter to ride the wildest horse, the challenge was suddenly taken by Cunninghame-Graham, who leaped from his box into the arena with a gardenia in his frock-coat and subdued the animal without ruffling either. Some say without disturbing his monocle, but this may be a literary touch. It seemed entirely plausible when he flashed upon me at the Writers' Club, lean as d'Artagnan, a plume of white hair above an eagle's face, and the manners of a hidalgo. I asked him if the "Adventures in Bolivia," for which he once wrote a preface years ago, had really happened, and to the man who signed them, and he said they really had, and told me the story of his prodigious life and pathetic death. This book came out in the States (Dutton) before "Trader Horn" taught us to find marvels on the edges of the map; I wish it might be reprinted here, as it soon will be in England.

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One reason why I have met so many authors is that I live in Chelsea—just around the corner from Winnie-the-Pooh—and another is that Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes gave a party at the Carlton for the Reader's Guide and her interesting young relative, Paul Beaujon, and everyone who writes in England knows and loves Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. One of those at the party was Maurice Baring, who looks so much like a brilliant, elderly diplomat that it is astonishing to find that he is a brilliant, elderly diplomat. He has a new novel coming out this fall with Doubleday, Doran called "When They Love," though—as now seems quite a regular proceeding—it has a different title in England. It would be interesting to compare a year's titles at home and abroad and try to determine by the changes what publishers think are the totems and taboos of the respective reading publics. Ralph Straus has two books coming, a novel and a life of Dickens, with so much new material that even from the snatches of it now appearing in the London *Sunday Times* I see I shall have to get it as soon as it is between covers. C. E. Bechhofer wanted to write a biography of Dickens, but gave it up for a novel of which he is to be the hero—this, however, is not yet in print. Lady Cynthia Asquith was at the party; we owe to her the series of children's annuals (Scribner), that began with "The Magic Carpet" and—no doubt as a relaxation—a collection of horrific modern murder stories called "The Black Cap" (Scribner), with one of her own as good as any in it. I asked her what she thought would have been the end of Barrie's famous unfinished play, "Shall We Join the Ladies?", which is included in this book, and she gave me so good a hint that I refuse to part with it.

One of the authors lately gone into the publishing business is J. G. Lockhart, whose "The Feet of the Young Men" made a sensation when it appeared anonymously in London this spring; the young men in question are the writers of England, the coming ones and those who are, in a manner of speaking, just passing through. Sears will bring this out in the States this fall. Mr. Lockhart, now a member of the young firm of Philip Allen & Co., was telling me about the author of a book of theirs that Sears will publish, "Another Country," by H. du Coudray. This won the prize offered by the firm for the best novel by an undergraduate of one of the great English universities; it had been taken for granted that this meant a man, but when the award had been made there turned up at the office to receive it a seventeen-year-old girl, a student at Oxford. I was so struck with the curious maturity of the work that I asked for her history, but it seems she is too young to have any; she must have lived sometime in Malta, but beyond that all I could learn was that she is half-French and what is known as an "undergraduette" at Lady Margaret Hall.

If all this gives the impression that I have lived in a socio-literary whirl, this arises only from the condensation of print. The work of the Reader's Guide has gone on as usual, save that the chief burden has been borne by the postmen of Chelsea instead of those of New York. Long since I marked, in the eye of the one who brings the post in Bramerton-street, the dawn of the slightly pained surprise with which new postmen regard my mail. "I've been wanting to ask you just one question," said the hero of Seventy-eighth street when at last he met me upon the thoroughfare. "No; it ain't if you really answer all them letters. Do you really read all them books?" And when I said I really tried to, he gave himself a gloomy shake. "*I don't believe it*," said he.

No doubt the dark-blue deliverer in Bramerton-street has the same doubt as the light-gray one at home, but his only way of showing his feelings would be through the knocker. This makes a crash that leaps unpremeditated from the street's stillness, compelling as the crack of doom, the only really awful noise in London. If Gabriel wants quick action in the British Isles on a future important occasion, he will use a postman's knock instead of anything so comparatively soothing as the last trumpet.

Yes, much has happened since I took up residence in London—two residences indeed—for the five months that come to an end this September. I have seen the first play to be given in an English cathedral since the Middle Ages, when John Masefield's "The Coming of Christ" packed the nave of Canterbury for seven performances in two days, and its figures moved to solemn music on the medieval staircase of the choir, in costumes such as men wore when first these were set in place. I have heard the revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" by Sir Nigel Playfair, just as Goldsmith left it, songs and all, and just as nobody has heard it since the accretions of later actors began to gather. Indeed I have seen every type of English play from the urbanities of A. A. Milne and the ruralities of Eden Phillpotts to the revivals at the Elephant and Castle of "Jack Sheppard" and "Maria Marten: or, the Murder at the Red Barn.' Better yet, I have enjoyed that national entertainment never revived because it never stops running, the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, touring England so steadily that for the last fifty years the sun has had something else besides the British flag on which it is not permitted to set. I have sliped away to Rye to take tea with the Miss Findlaters at their "Rounded Gate" reached through a hedge of lavender, and hear about their latest collaboration in Scotch stories, and I have searched the shops of that famous town for "rainbow piggies," such as Benson's "Miss Mapp" kept in a row in her dining-room; the one I like best is green with yellow blots. I have spent a bus-man's holiday in Basil Blackwell's blue-fronted book-shop in Oxford; they say the only exercise some men get in that ancient city is what is known as the "Blackwell Crawl," but the only exercise I needed was for my will, to pull myself out of the place. I have been book-hunting in Paris and in Germany, and before this reaches print I hope to have returned from a walking tour in Ireland. Taking all together like this, it sounds as if I had been quite busy. But no one takes life on the rush who works in London, if every sunny day he works in a garden on the Thames.

A comprehensive and authoritative history of the Paris Commune, which throws its emphasis rather on judicial matters than on political or military affairs, has recently appeared from the pen of an eminent French jurist, Georges Laronze. "Histoire de la Commune de 1871" (Paris: Payot) is based on a large mass of unpublished documents which until now have been lying unused in the archives of State Departments.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

COLOR IN ART AND EVERY-DAY LIFE. By M. Bernstein. Translated by R. Granger Watkin. McBride. 1928. $2.50.

A book on color entirely without illustrations is evidently useless except to a reader who can supply the requisite visualization. Accordingly the appeal of this book is to such as have already designed in color. They will find it sensible and widely discursive rather than systematic or original. Here and there is a good hint or a delicate discrimination, but, as the author candidly admits, the use of color is so relative to the material to which it is applied and to what is wanted from it, as pattern or plastic effect, that all precepts are of very restricted application. We are dealing rather with superior shop talk, and as such interesting, than with a manual.

Fra Angelico. By *Wilhelm Hausenstein.* Dotton. $9.

The Beginnings of Art. By *Ernest Grosse.* Appleton. $1.

Belles Lettres

Shakespeare's Workshop. By *W. J. Lawrence.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

The Bird that Is Blue. By *Florence G. Fidler.* London: Selwyn & Blount.

Pedestrian Papers. By *Walter S. Hinchman.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Just Among Friends. By *George Matthew Adams.* Morrow. $1.50.

The American Renaissance. By *R. L. Duffus.* Knopf.

As They Seemed to Me. By *Ugo Ojetti.* Dutton. $2.50.

South Carolina Ballads. By *Reed Smith.* Harvard University Press. $3.

The Fiery Crags. By *F. W. Boreham.* Abingdon. $1.75.

English Thought in the Eighteenth Century. By *Leslie Stephen.* Putnam. 2 vols. $12.

Biography

A DOG PUNCHER ON THE YUKON. By Arthur T. Walden. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $3.50.

The selection of Mr. Walden by Commander Byrd as a member of the South Pole expedition gives a significance to this book which might be passed off, at the first glance, as just another volume of gold-rush reminiscences. All the old properties are described—the Skagway mess, the White Pass difficulties, the short rations, the vigilance of the Mounted Police, the Dawson madness. Occasionally a new story salts the pages. But there is a sincerity, an air of eye-witness truthfulness which, coupled with a very clear and straightforward telling, vivifies the old scenes. Evidently not everybody who drank the water of the Klondike turned liar. Mr. Walden's memories form an anecdotal appendage to Ogilvie's all-gold "Early Days on the Yukon."

Memories and Reflections. By the *Earl of Oxford* and *Asquith.* Little, Brown. 2 vols. $10.

The Memoirs and Anecdotes of the Count de Segur. Translated by *Gerard Shelley.* Scribners. $3.50.

Marie Antoinette. By the *Marquis de Ségur.* Dutton. $5.

Letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Edited by *Hans Mersmann.* Translated by *M. M. Boxman.* Dutton. $5.

Goethe. By *Emil Ludwig.* Putnam.

The Windsor Beauties. By *Lewis Melville.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

The Lady of the Limberlost. By *Jeannette Porter Meehan.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

Hans Andersen the Man. By *Edith Reumert.* Dutton. $3.50.

Five Deans. By *Sidney Dark.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Soldier, Artist, Sportsman. Edited by *Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice.* Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.

Law and Order Ltd. By *Kyle S. Crichton.* Santa Fé: New Mexican Publishing Corporation. $2.50.

Roving Years. By *Sidney Walter Powell.* Day. $2.50.

Sir Thomas Malory. By *Edward Hicks.* Harvard University Press. $2.50.

Letizia Bonaparte. By *Clement Shaw.* Viking. $2.

The Letters of Robert Burns. By *R. Brimley Johnson.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

The Log of Bob Bartlett. By *Captain Robert A. Bartlett.* Putnam. $3.50.

Elizabeth Chudley. By *Beatrice Curtis Brown.* Viking. $2.

Lenin. By *Valeriu Marcu.* Translated by *E. W. Dickes.* Macmillan.

Classics

The Architect of the Roman Empire (44-27 B. C.). By *T. Rice Holmes.* Oxford Press.

The Geography of Strabo. Vol. V. Translated by *H. L. Jones.* Putnam. $2.50.

The Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius. Vol. III. Translated by *J. C. Rolfe.* Putnam. $2.50.

Josephus. Vol. III. The Jewish War, Books IV-VII. Translated by *H. St. J. Thackeray.* Putnam. $2.50.

Isocrates. Vol. I. Translated by *George Norlin.* Putnam. $2.50.

St. Basil: The Letters. Vol. II. Translated by *Roy J. Deferrari.* Putnam. $2.50.

Statius: Silvae. Thebaid I-IV. Translated by *J. H. Mozley.* Putnam. $2.50.

Statius: Thebaid V-XII. Achilleid. Translated by *J. H. Mozley.* Putnam. $2.50.

Cicero: De Re Rublica. De Legibus. Translated by *G. W. Keynes.* Putnam. $2.50.

Seneca. Moral Essays. Translated by *John W. Basore.* Putnam. $2.50.

Fiction

BEAU IDEAL. By Percival Christopher Wren. Stokes. 1928. $2.

There is no falling off in the Wren ingenuity, bloodthirstiness, or breakneck speed. "Beau Ideal" carries on the Geste legend with John, Isobel, Hank, Buddy, and Otis Vanbrugh. Again there are racings across the African desert, vast expeditions for the sake of honor, meetings and partings that wring the glycerine tear from Major Wren. Such tremendous sentimentality is bound to be successful; that is, it is bound to be anything but caviar to the general. We are periodically astounded at the possible depths of bathos and mock-heroics. But be it said to Major Wren's credit that he does not go the whole hog. Love and friendship are the states of mind that he covers with treacle; other things he allows to remain more or less as God made them. About the impossible, story-book virtues of this Vanbrugh, the less said the better—except that he seems to combine the worst features of Tennyson's Galahad and Fielding's Joseph Andrews.

In spite of the above paragraph to the contrary, "Beau Ideal" is a beguiling yarn. It has the unexpectedness, the vividness, the dash to carry us over the rough spots of coincidence and incredibility. Major Wren puts together the familiar elements of the adventure story in a fresh way and gives new backgrounds for old situations. Furthermore, quiet humor and well-defined character help things along immensely. We find ourselves often under the spell of the narrative. It can never hypnotize us completely, however, nor for long; it is too confoundedly sentimental. But it would be a shame to miss some of the unforgettably lurid passages—the deaths in the silo, for instance, or the massacre in Zaquig, or Vanbrugh's hysteria in the London streets.

The ending of "Beau Ideal" is somehow meretricious and unsatisfactory, leaving Vanbrugh free to range about in further novels. And the beautiful desert girl—are we to meet her again?

THE DEVIL'S JEST. By Elizabeth Carfrae. Harpers. 1928. $2.

The pretense to a shallow plausibility sustained through the first hundred-odd pages of this bleary romance is swamped in the flood of raving idiocies which the author then proceeds to turn loose. Derek Temple, a well-born, idle young Englishman, is unexpectedly excluded from inheriting his rich old uncle's estate, and is thereupon jilted by his covetous fiancée. The one true friend of the heartbroken, penniless lad comes to his rescue with the offer of a position as manager of a banana plantation in the West Indies. Derek accepts, and while crossing the Atlantic meets an attractive girl whom he marries when they arrive at the island of their destination. He does not love Lois, but she fills his need of sympathetic companionship, idolizes him, keeps his home in shining order, and they get on famously until she bears him a negro child! Now it seems that Lois's dead mother, though honestly married to a white doctor, had been a full-blooded island black, which tragic secret had been kept unknown to the hapless daughter. Lois had grown up without a single physical trace of mixed racial strain. That is surely remarkable to say the least, but worse is yet to come—so much worse that we feel obliged to refrain from further comment.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

CAP'N SUE. By HULBERT FOOTNER. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Mr. Footner here writes a one-syllable tale of a Maryland girl who joins a gang of rum-runners in Chesapeake Bay. It might be pleasant enough if one were in a mood to tolerate obvious narrative and sugary concessions to tender-minded readers. The plot is often dismally trite: the girl breaks the law in order to raise the mortgage on the old home: at the end of the novel, no longer willing to tolerate the handsome Park Avenue bootlegger, she virtuously returns to her rural sweetheart; at precisely the most useful moment, the rural sweetheart falls heir to a large estate. For feather-weight summer reading, "Cap'n Sue" may perhaps do. But really—it should have been born a movie.

THE PATRIOT. By ALEXIA E. *and* H. C. WALTER. Dutton. 1928. $2.

The masked unknown who killed Mornington, London profligate, war-profiteer and traitor to his country, accomplished a worthy deed, but an insufficiently important one to justify the nearly 350 pages here devoted to it. The mysterious slayer completely foiled the best brains of Scotland Yard, averted all suspicion of his identity, and finally, when danger of arrest looms, escapes easily to foreign parts. But the wrong man has meanwhile been tried for the murder and acquitted—of which tedious and irrelevant proceedings we are given the word-by-word record—without adding a single atom to the hoped for speeding up of the action. The authors seem to have spoiled what might have been a fairly good detective story by a too exhaustive and conscientious attention to everything conceivable except an orderly solution of the crime.

RED IVORY. By WALTON HALL SMITH. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.

After Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" other tales of white men in the Belgian Congo are bound to seem mediocre, lifeless, futile productions. Still good adventure fiction of that variety occasionally appears, as evidenced in Mr. Smith's present story of a quest by rival hunters for a huge ivory treasure buried in the depths of Central Africa. One faction is led by an old poacher from Missouri who for thirty years has been illegally accumulating an immense store of tusks, the purchase of which is being clandestinely undertaken by a young representative of an American ivory buying firm. Against their endeavors to remove the ivory from Belgian territory are matched Congo civil officials unscrupulously determined to capture the booty for their private enrichment. A silly and superfluous love theme is introduced without benefit to the story, but as a whole the book holds one's interest, is smoothly written, fairly convincing, and happily devoid of the usual jungle claptrap.

A FOOL IN THE FOREST. By ANTHONY PRYDE and R. K. WEEKES. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.

Nothing about "A Fool in the Forest" can ever cause much enthusiasm, and yet for a pleasant romance the novel does well enough. The collaborators have set their tale in a lonely region of England, and they have created a few gratifyingly unusual characters that move slowly towards union with their own true loves. A slight mystery carries on the interest when otherwise it would die out completely. Although the novel is never far from the commonplace, it succeeds in fulfilling its own modest pretensions.

SMOKY. By *Will James*. Scribners. $2.

LEST YE DIE. By *Cicely Hamilton*. Scribners. $2.

STRANGE FUGITIVE. By *Morley Callaghan*. Scribners. $2.50.

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTED. By *Elsie Singmaster*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE MOUNTAIN SINGER. By *Harry Harrison Kroll*. Morrow. $2.

THE PLEIADS. By *Count Arthur de Gobineau*. Knopf. $3.

PRISONERS ALL. By *Oskar Maria Graf*. Knopf.

MR. BLUE. By *Myles Connolly*. Macmillan. $1.50.

VASCO. By *Marc Chadbourne*. Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.

THE UNCONQUERED KNIGHT. By *Qutierre Diaz de Gomez*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

BRIEF CANDLE. By *Norman Venner*. Bobbs-Merrill.

THE ASSASSIN. By *Liam O'Flaherty*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

WHO KILLED GREGORY? By *Eugene Jones*. Stokes. $2.

TALES FROM GREENERY STREET. By *Denis Mackail*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

FLORENTINE NIGHTS. By *Heinrich Heine*. Dutton. $7.50.

RACE. By *Mary Grace Ashton*. Stokes. $2.50.

THE GOLEM. By *Gustav Meyrink*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

A COMMON CHEAT. By *Sophia Cleugh*. Macmillan. $2.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY. By *Jane Austen*. Illustrated by *C. S. Brock*. Dutton. $2.

MANSFIELD PARK. By *Jane Austen*. Illustrated by *C. E. Brock*. Dutton. $2.

GONE TO EARTH. By *Mary Webb*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE MURDER OF MRS. DAVENPORT. By *Anthony Gilbert*. Dial. $2.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA. By *Giovanni Verga*. Translated by D. H. Lawrence. Dial. $2.50.

THE SACRED BROTHERHOOD. By *John G. Brandon*. Dial Press. $2.

THAT MAGIC FIRE. By *Sylvia Bates*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

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THE SPLENDID RENEGADE. By *John Herries McCulloch*. Coward-McCann. $2.

BLADES. By *George Barr McCutcheon*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

PAX. By *Muriel Hodder*. Viking. $2.

GENERAL CRACK. By *George Preedy*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE FIFTEEN FINEST SHORT STORIES. Chosen and edited by *John Cournos*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

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MYSTERY REEF. By *Harold Bindless*. Stokes. $2.

WHILE RIVERS RUN. By *Maurice Walsh*. Stokes. $2.

THIS SIDE IDOLATRY. By *C. E. Bechhofer Roberts*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THE HOUSE WITH THE ECHO. By *T. F. Powys*. Viking. $2.

TROPICAL FRUIT. By *Alfred Harding*. Duffield. $2.

NICK OF THE WOODS. By *Robert Montgomery Bird*. Macy-Masius.

THOUGH THIS BE MADNESS. By *Robert Keable*. Putnam. $2.

A LITTLE CLOWN LOST. By *Barry Benefield*. Century. $2.

STORMING HEAVEN. By *Ralph Fox*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

HATE. By *Arthur D. Howden Smith*. Lippincott. $2.

Miscellaneous

SHOOTING WITH SURTEES. Edited by HUGO S. GLADSTONE. Stokes. 1928. $8.50.

This is an addition to the growing accumulation of Surteesana which Mr. E. D. Cuming and others have so industriously developed. It is to be questioned, however, whether the Jorrocks vein has not been fairly well worked out unless one is an inveterate enthusiast for sporting literature. Even then the admirers of Jorrocks are chiefly hunting enthusiasts and are not especially interested in his shooting exploits, which were not very notable. However, if you like Jorrocks well enough you will enjoy this recapitulation of his adventures with a gun, and the "Who's Who" of the Surtees characters, which is a feature of the present volume, is especially interesting. The illustrations are excellent, consisting of four plates in color and many reproductions of John Leech drawings and others in black and white.

THE THING CALLED LOVE. Culled from the World Library by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

Who would in these jazz-dazed days of the much vaunted younger generation expect to come upon a slim little green and gold volume, with a most intriguing lock upon its cover, titled "This Thing Called Love" and devoted exclusively to reflections upon this same emotion by authors as widely separated in time as Homer and Scott Fitzgerald? There are other disparities than years in the collection. It is surprising to find Sheila Kaye-Smith and Ethel M. Dell companionably sharing a page; and surely Gottfried of Strassburg would be amazed to find himself only a few paragraphs removed from Sinclair Lewis. It is this catholicity of inclusion that makes the book attractive, almost every country and time being represented and almost every attitude toward love.

HANDBOOK OF RURAL SOCIAL RESOURCES. Edited by *Benson G. Landis*. University of Chicago Press.

ACCOUNTING METHOD. By *C. Rufus Rorem*. University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

MAGIC FOR EVERYBODY. By *Joseph Leeming*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

MUSICAL MEANDERINGS. By *W. J. Turner*. Dutton. $2.50.

LACOSTE ON TENNIS. By *René Lacoste*. Morrow. $2.50.

POLITICAL BEHAVIOR. By *Frank R. Kent*. Morrow. $2.50.

CONQUERING THE AIR. By *Archibald Williams*. Nelson. $2.

PRINTING OF TODAY. By *Oliver Simon* and *Julius Rodenberg*. Harpers.

TALES OF FRESH-WATER FISHING. By *Zane Grey*. Harpers. $6.

CITY PLANNING FOR GIRLS. By *Henrietta Additon*. University of Chicago Press. $1.25.

SUTTEE. By *Edward Thompson*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE ACTIVITY SCHOOL. By *Adolph Ferrière*. Translated by *F. Dean Moore* and *F. C. Wooton*. Day. $4 net.

THE SHORT SPEECH. By *James Thompson Baker*. Prentice-Hall.

Philosophy

WHAT AM I? By EDWARD G. SPAULDING. Scribners. 1928. $2.

Professor Spaulding asks interesting questions and considers them in a leisurely, discursive manner, which assumes a like mental attitude on the part of his readers. This is by no means common in an age full of rapid change and intellectual as well as social pressure. The questions are ancient, and central in the discussion is the nature of the human individual and how far a mechanical view is complete, and so far as our behavior is determined, what margin is there for free direction?

Professor Spaulding believes that science does not tell the whole tale and that beyond mechanism there is purpose which we can demonstrate through reason. This leads to the further inquiry as to the sources of knowledge and the obligations of belief and action which it imposes. The modern reader demands a more searching method, for his doubts and difficulties reflect the rapid change of the intellectual world, he may gain the impression that this is a statement of philosophical conservatism not wholely successfully revised to meet new conditions.

THE TECHNIQUE OF CONTROVERSY. By *Boris B. Bogoslovsky*. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

THE ESSENTIALS OF EASTERN PHILOSOPHY. By *Prabhu Dutt Shastri*. Macmillan. $1.60.

PRINCIPLES AND PROBLEMS OF RIGHT THINKING. By *Edwin Arthur Burtt*. Harpers. $3.

SCHOPENHAUER. SELECTIONS. Edited by *Dewitt H. Parker*. Scribner's. 1928.

CONTROL OF THE MIND. By *Robert H. Thouless*. Doubleday, Doran.

REACHING OTHER MINDS. By *Davida McCaslin*. Knopf.

THE STORY OF ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY. By *L. Adams Beck*. Cosmopolitan. $5.

PSYCHOLOGY FOR THE WRITER. By *H. K. Nixon*. Harpers. $2.50.

PLATO'S THEORY OF ETHICS. By *A. C. Lodge*. Harcourt, Brace. $7.

THE CAVE MAN'S LEGACY. By *E. Hanbury Hankin*. Dutton.

Science

INSECTS. By FRANK BALFOUR-BROWN. Holt. 1928. $1.

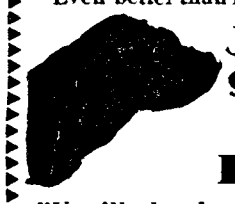
This volume of the Home University Library of Science is an excellent book for the general thoughtful reader. It is neither a primer nor a learned monograph. There are chapters on the structure and classification, life histories, adaptations, useful insects, parasitism, social life, and the collecting of insects.

Of course, there must be many omissions in a book of this size, but it would seem that harmful insects might have been discussed quite as well as useful, especially in view of the fact that the chapter on parasites is largely devoted to the parasites of harmful insects and so really to be classed with the useful members of the group. But this may be simply due to the fact that the author in his enthusiasm is unwilling to link the insects with harm!

The discussion of the specialization of castes among the social insects is especially pertinent in these days of threatened human overcrowding.

(*Continued on page 94*)

"Even better than Lad: a Dog."



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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker is to sail from Europe on September 1. Inquiries should henceforth be addressed to her at *The Saturday Review*.

T. R., Chicago, Ill., asks for the names of one or more of the best weekly literary reviews of France, Germany, and Italy.

I CAN keep in touch with literary affairs in France more conveniently through *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* than through any one other publication. This is a weekly newspaper, printed (like the corresponding weekly for the Paris stage, *Comoedia*) in the same shape as any daily newspaper, and so far as I can see, more a news-medium than the organ of a particular movement. Both these journals are sold on those stands in large cities that provide you with your home-town newspaper. For Germany I hold by the old *Litterarische Welt*, a newspaper published by Ulstein, Berlin; the literary supplement of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* is excellent, too. The editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has just published his impressions of "America Seen through German Eyes" (New Republic). On Italian journals I asked the advice of Garretto, who though he is now living in Paris where he is one of the most famous caricaturists of our day, keeps closely in touch with Italian literary affairs; he was one of the original Black Shirts. He says that while there are many Italian literary journals, the most important for this inquirer's purposes are the "900," which is edited in French, and the *Convegno*, in Italian. The "900," is the most important "modern" issue, and is edited by a society of modern Italian writers, amongst them Pirandello. The *Convegno*, edited in Rome, is somewhat less "modern" but a valuable review. In Rome is also published *La Nuova Antologia*, a very old magazine and the most classical in Italy. The Academy recently formed in Italy by its most famous "Immortals" publishes a magazine in the nature of a bulletin. As for subscriptions to any of these, my own advice is to let a large bookshop attend to them for you. Long-distance financial transactions are better managed in that way.

As I am on the subject of foreign languages, here is another entry for the list of polyglot dictionaries that trickled through this department some weeks since. It is a most practical little handbook called "Tourists' and Students' Manual of Languages," by Capt. Charles Stack (Simpkin & Marshall). I copied the title from the honorably battered cover of the copy used by a commercial traveler across the way from me in a continental train: he said he had taken it all over the world and it had met every emergency. It is a phrase-book rather than a conversation-manual, for practically all European and not a few Oriental tongues. The trouble with most conversation-manuals is that they try to teach you to converse, when what you really want is a firm grip on a dozen nouns, a handy adjective or two, the easiest form of a couple of indispensable verbs, and some few fillers like *doch, alors*, and the like, useful to hold the franchise while you are reaching for the next word. Oh yes, and if the prevailing interest in books about Arabia is impelling you in this direction, you may like to know that in Caroline Bagley's "My Trip through Egypt and the Holy Land" (Grafton), there is a guide to conversation in Arabic.

SINCE I sent to press the list on American party-politics, I have been reading with such satisfaction "Pressure Politics," by Peter Odegard (Columbia University Press), that I pass it on with emphasis, as a model for such books. On so controversial a subject as the Anti-Saloon League, of which it is a history, it preserves a sweet reasonableness and an uncanny precision of statement. I am the more grateful to Mr. Odegard because I have had just about enough history, political and otherwise, by authors who cannot forget what great boys they are. I do not like talking through the hat, and of all such megaphones the high hat is to me least attractive. This book is calm save for an occasional irrepressible prance, thoroughly documented, and informing. Just now that is what we need.

G. H. B., St. Louis, Mo., asks for new travel books about Spain.

'TAWNY SPAIN," by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor (Houghton Mifflin), is colorful and travel-inducing; "Vivid Spain," by Jo Mitchell Chapple (Chapple), is a quick trip by a group who had a good American time. George Wharton Edwards has made the most beautiful of his color-illustrated books in his "Spain" (Penn), which has twenty-five full-page color plates and thirty-seven monotones. "The President's Hat," by Robert Herring (Longmans), might be put into this collection, for it is by an Englishman making a ten-day tour of Andorra. "Spain in a Two-Seater," by Halford Ross (Brentano), traverses the Iberian peninsula, going in by way of the Vendée and Gascony; it is a practical book of advice for motorists, especially in its list of inns. One of these, for example, is set down as "good, with horrors." "Forgotten Shrines of Spain," by Mildred S. Byne (Lippincott), tells how to go and where to stay in Tarragona, Santa Domingo de Silos, and other cloisters. No traveler at all interested in paintings, and certainly no one at all interested in El Greco, should miss the brilliant "Spanish Journey" of Meier-Graefe (Harcourt, Brace). Almost every one of the above makes a feature of illustrations.

J. L. W., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for the names of books dealing in general with literary criticism and its technique. . .

BOOKS about literary criticism grow, if not on every bush, on bushes of many different varieties. One may clear away, in gathering a list for this purpose, those with advice on the preparation of book-reviews, for a list of this sort was printed here not long ago, and a discussion of the elements of good literature such as E. L. Shuman's "How to Judge a Book" (Houghton Mifflin) is rather for readers than for prospective reviewers; though anything that helps a reader to form standards would not come amiss to a list of this sort. When I asked Mr. Frank Swinnerton, not long since, for a book of this sort, he praised Arnold Bennett's "Literary Taste; How to Form It" (Doran), one of the series of little books on how to be happy though intelligent with whose titles the long list of his writings is considerably increased. This book has advice on the formation of a library.

To begin at the beginning, W. C. Brownell's "Criticism" (Scribner), and "Standards" (Scribner), consider the special technique and field of criticism as literature: the first has chapters on function, equipment, criterion, and method. Both are small books, good pocket companions. "On the Art of Writing," by A. T. Quiller-Couch, is a desk-companion and friend; these conversational essays never lose their charm. For the purposes of this list the chapter "On Style" may be especially noted, but for a work entirely on this subject Sir Walter Raleigh's "Style" (Longmans) is a little masterpiece, while for a longer treatment the one I find most valuable as a bridge from the old to the new is J. Middleton Murry's "The Problem of Style" (Oxford University Press). One who faces the new fiction with an open mind as yet sparsely furnished with standards will be helped by Edwin Muir's "The Structure of the Novel" (Harcourt, Brace), and by the admirable survey "The English Novel," prepared by J. B. Priestley for "Benn's Sixpenny" paper series in England, an altogether praiseworthy enterprise that appears between covers in the United States, published by Doubleday, Doran. In discussing the modern novel as well as in producing it I do not see why one should not be helped by H. K. Nixon's "Psychology for the Writer" (Harper)—though it is my own conviction that a good set of eyes and ears (with a trace of genius) can do a novelist more good than all the psychology in creation. One who reads French will get the very latest news from the firing-line in Louis Aragon's "Traité du Style" (Gallimard).

Joel Spingarn's "Creative Criticism" (Harcourt), first published in 1917, has gone into a new edition: this inspiring work has a chapter on dramatic criticism and another on the creative field open to the connoisseur. The history of the art in this country since 1910 may be gathered from a collection of essays by Brownell, Eliot, Mencken, Woodberry, and others published by Harcourt, Brace as "Criticism in America, Its Function and Status," and a collection of contemporary essays will be found in W. A. Drake's anthology, "American Criticism: 1926" (Harcourt, Brace). "The Modern Book of Criticism," in the Modern Library, has selections from such essays in four nations.

A CORRESPONDENT writes that "The father of two children" mentioned in the Guide of July 21st should by all means read "The Baby's First Two Years" and "From Infancy to Childhood," by Dr. Richard Smith (Houghton Mifflin), and Ernest Groves's "Wholesome Childhood" (Houghton Mifflin), which he recommends from experience.

"A READER" writes from Maryland:—"You may care for this additional note to Mr. Louis Untermeyer's paragraph in the *Guide* of July 28 concerning Gerard Manley Hopkins, Jesuit priest and poet. There is an interesting account of Fr. Hopkins's life and work in *The Dublin Review*, July, August, September, 1920. An article and photograph in "The Poet's Chantry," by Katherine Brêgy (published by Kenedy, N. Y.). An article in *The Dial*, September, 1926, by I. A. Richards, contains an appreciation of Hopkins's poetry, but reveals an inability to understand the man and his life. A relative of Father Hopkins, Miss Hopkins, lives in England and may be addressed through the Oxford University Press, London."

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 41. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best sonnet called "The End of the World." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York, not later than the morning of September 10.)

Competition No. 42. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Lines on Receiving an X-Ray Photograph of Him (or Her) self. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of September 24.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE THIRTY-NINTH COMPETITION

The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the best short lyric imitating the mood and manner of Mr. A. E. Housman has been equally divided between John F. Doughty, of Austin, Texas, and Dalnar Devening, of San Bernardino, Cal.

THE PRIZE IMITATIONS

I

DO what he will, man fashions
A hope that there may be,
After the stark, black minute,
An immortality.

The common thought, the doubting
Once vexed me, but 'tis gone,
Since the clear light of knowledge
Spread round me like the dawn.

Of course there is no ending;
'Tis to look and see:
Life may not be immortal,
But death, at least, must be.

JOHN F. DOUGHTY.

II

"Where do you go so gaily
With laughter in your eye,
You and those lads that daily
I watch go singing by?

"What seek you in your questing,
Oh, lad with dancing feet
And lips forever jesting?
What do you go to meet?"

"Old man whose bare bones rattle,
We seek a joyous strife;
We go to worst in battle
That ancient braggart, Life."

"In what dear mart those glances
And sighings have you bought,
Sad youth?" "I've broken lances,
Old man, with him I sought."

DALNAR DEVENING.

This was an exceptionally popular and successful competition, and it goes to my heart not to have space for more than three or four of the large number of entries that deserve print. There was less than usual to choose between the very best of these; in fact, it is a long time since I found so much difficulty in deciding on a prizewinner. Among others, R. Desha Lucas will perhaps feel that I might have been kinder. Mr. Lucas in his last stanza and the first two lines of his second achieves excellent parody; but what remains is uneasy.

In Ludlow town when I was young
And strolled along the street,
What lusty lads, unloved, unhung,
On every hand I'd meet.

Now some of them the gals have had,
The gallows took the rest;
So I am all alone and sad,
And life has spilled its zest.

For after all I've felt and seen
It cannot help but hurt
To think how lads once sweet and clean
Are all mixed up with dirt.

Ella M. Johnston was even more amusing in her straight burlesque of "Is my team ploughing?"

"Are sweet things blooming
That I so loved to see
And watch their petals open
As they looked up at me?"

Ay, the flowers are growing,
Their fragrance fills the air,
The soil is all the richer
Now you are lying there.

Both poems had the right touch of ridicule, which is the parodist's deadliest weapon. But one or two of the stricter imitations were better, though even in them (as was to be expected) Mr. Housman's flawlessness is missing. Paul Horgan tried to climb in by the back window in several Jabberwockery-nonsense verses.

O, burkle Tom and glary Reg,
Ye march an grenadier.
O, wipple Bess and munny Meg,
Ye drop the burrell tear.

O, drums go short and trumpet long,
And long's the road to war;
And deep's the earth where men belong,
Though lads ye were and are.

Merrick Wells, by keeping as close as possible to his author, fused mood and manner rather better than most.

"You'd not be stay-at-homes, my lads,
With wonders to be seen,"
Said Sergeant, "if you'll dress in red
And travel for the Queen?"

Those ranging lads in Africa
Are lying blind and still.
I watch ten million miles of sky
Standing on Wenlock hill.

His alternative entry also deserves quotation. Like the poems by Sara Henderson Hay, Mary Bloom, Doris W. Tripp, several by John F. Doughty, M. E. Ballantyne, W. L. Werner, M. H. McGee, Dorothy Homans, C. F. Marks, and Deborah Jones, space compels me to set it by. Jack Sprat deserves a word for the two lines "And lass, if you'll not be my own, I know a maid that will." John F. Doughty, who obviously battens on Housman and Heine, offered six pages of imitations, most of which would have done him additional credit here. Besides his prizewinning imitation one little piece may be quoted, although the author of "A Shropshire Lad" would never have committed the first three lines.

At ease in mine own tavern,
With lads escaped from jail,
Who much admire each other,
We sit and drink our ale.

No hope of heaven bores us,
We hold no hell in awe;
The dead are dead forever;
Hurrah, my lads, hurrah!

The rest, however, magnificently epitomizes (again with the right suggestion of ridicule) one of Mr. Housman's two prevailing moods. Dalnar Devening also submitted several entries, all of considerable merit. His best piece shares the prize equally with the best by Mr. Doughty; but I should have liked to print their alternative entries.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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A Pickwick Census

PRIME PICKWICKS IN PARTS: Census with complete collation, comparison, and comments. By JOHN C. ECKEL. New York: E. H. Wells & Company. 1928.

MR. ECKEL'S census labors primarily under a double disadvantage, the first, the questionable importance of such an undertaking, in spite of his personal enthusiasm and that shown by Mr. A. Edward Newton in his characteristic preface; and the second, the unfortunate alliteration of the title, which is, in all charity, rather silly. The census in itself is an excellent piece of work, careful, thorough, and detailed, showing infinite pains and infinite patience, and making a distinct contribution to the bibliography of Charles Dickens. It seems, therefore, a pity that the surrounding text cannot be spoken of in the same manner. Quite aside from the somewhat startling claims made both by Mr. Eckel and by Mr. Newton for "Pickwick" in its relation to English literature, there is no need for the overemphasis upon auction prices, and far less for the newspaper-headline style of the entire section called "Comparisons and Comments," with its large type headings, "Lt. Steele an early collector," "Importance of the frontispiece," "Huntington Library has no copy," and "Mr. Burgess was submerged." The phrase, "a Dicken's collection" with the apostrophe always carefully repeated, is undoubtedly a typographical error, but abbreviations employed throughout the text, "ad.," "Lt.," and "Capt.," can hardly be viewed in such a light. If bibliographies require conversational treatment to increase their popularity, the future may well be regarded with suspicion and horror.

G. M. T.

DEALERS' CATALOGUES OF THE WEEK

BAKER'S Great Bookshop (14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham): Catalogue number 421:

> English literature from 1750 through 1850. Several little-known late 18th century and early 19th century novels and poems, together with books of general literature. Carefully catalogued, with low prices. It is somewhat consoling to find that Byron, Coleridge, and Sir Walter Scott can still be found in the original bindings—or boards—in good condition, at reasonable prices.

MAGGS—Catalogue number 506:

> French literature (from 1700 to 1928) with a selection of engravings, portraits, and autographs. A large number of early French works dealing with the history of æronautics, in the midst of first editions of Bossuet, Fenelon, Anatole France, LaFontaine, Paul Hervieu (a series of presentation copies to A. B. Walkley), LeSage, Maeterlinck, Racine, Rousseau and several presentation Zolas.

G. M. T.

The total amount realized at the sale of the first part of the late Sir Edmund Gosse's library at Sotheby's on the thirtieth of July was about $47,850. The highest single price, $3,700, was paid for the autograph manuscript rough draft, thirty pages, of Thomas Hardy's "Wessex Folk," presented by the author to Sir Edmund. The other Hardy prices were proportionately high: the autograph manuscript of "God's Funeral," four pages, with a Hardy letter included, brought $1,700; presentation copies of the second and third volumes of "The Dynasts," 1906-1908, $1,250; "Far from the Madding Crowd," 1874, with an autograph letter inserted, $825; "Two on a Tower," 1892, presentation copy, $1,150; "Jude the Obscure," 1895, presentation copy, $650. The "Westmoreland" manuscript of John Donne's poems, fifty folio pages, considered by Sir Edmund as his greatest treasure, brought only $2,000, while a presentation copy of Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel," 1900, a volume that, in itself, has never had any great value until the present sale, sold for $800. The first and second editions of Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubáiyát," 1859-1868, rebound and slightly cut down, with a note in Gosse's hand explaining their condition, brought $1,600.

There is, for modest book-collectors, an overwhelming sense of discouragement after considering prices of this kind, but until the present hysterical outburst is over, nothing can be done except by the booksellers themselves. And when a dealer like Quaritch of London, who has always charged the fairest amounts for his books, brings out a catalogue with eight of the signed Hardys from the Clement Shorter library and three pages of presentation Lewis Carrolls at prices ranging from £20. 0. 0. to £130. 0. 0., it seems wiser to cultivate a taste for the first editions of H. G. Wells and Rider Haggard, neither of whom has had, so far, any auction-room value. The demand is too great, which means that, eventually, when fashions in authors have changed, it may be possible for readers of "The Woodlanders" and "The Hunting of the Snark" to buy first editions with the writers' signatures at prices more in keeping with reasonable incomes.

G. M. T.

The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from page* 92)

MARC LESCARBOT'S NOVA FRANCIA: A Description of Acadia. Translated by P. ERONDELLE, 1609. (The Broadway Travellers.) Harpers. 1928. $4.

Lescarbot was a Huguenot lawyer who attached himself at the beginning of the seventeenth century to the Sieur De Monts, with the intention of helping lay the foundation of a Protestant colony in the New World. Reaching Port Royal in Acadia in 1606, he saw a good deal of what is now Nova Scotia, and after a year of travel and observation returned to France. The result was a book of rare pith and freshness, which has too long been practically unavailable save in the French. As Parkman tells us, Lescarbot was no common man, for "his zeal, his good sense, the vigor of his understanding, and the breadth of his views, were as conspicuous as his quick wit and his lively fancy." He wrote of his voyage; of the "icy banks" and the "fish banks" of Newfoundland; of the life of the Indians, whom he really understood and regarded with great liberality; of the hardships of the French settlers in Port Royal; and of "diets, bad waters, airs, winds, lakes, corruption of woods, seasons, dispositions of bodies, of young, of old." The book has a delightful aroma of novelty and romance. Lescarbot hugely enjoyed himself from the moment when, approaching New France, he saw whales heaving out of water "above half an acre's length of their backs," until the moment of his final Indian banquet or *tabagie*. He beat the drum modestly for colonization, assuring all Frenchmen that "in that country he that will take pleasure, and as it were sport himself with sweet labor, he shall be assured to live out of bondage, and that his children shall yet be in better state than himself was." The volume deserves a place in every collection of early American travels and pioneer narratives.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BASQUE COUNTRY. By ELEANOR ELSNER. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $3.50.

A pleasantly descriptive book, which is not so much an account of the Basques as of the Pyrenees and the hill country to the north of them from Bayonne and the Atlantic border to Mount-Louis and Carcassonne. The book offers the historical background of the many famous places on the new automobile routes through this region. Here is a selected bibliography, to which Hilaire Belloc's book on the Pyrenees might have been added.

SAUNTERINGS IN LONDON. By *Leopold Wagner*. Houghton Mifflin.

STRANGE CORNERS OF THE WORLD. By *J. E. Wetherell*. Nelson. $1.75

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ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN

This photograph of ZAMBESI JACK is reprinted here for three reasons:

a) To show that there are some other best-sellers besides *Bambi* and *Show Girl*.
b) To give further circulation to a camera study which *The Inner Sanctum* believes is of surpassing excellence.
c) To impart to the entire universe the news that the rogue elephant is returning to the herd and to his beloved Africa in the third *Trader Horn* book, written two years ago, but to be released early in 1929.

The first definition of *Making Whoopee* received by *The Inner Sanctum* comes from ERVIN SPITZER, New York City, via *Omar Khayyam* and EDWARD FITZGERALD:

MAKING WHOOPEE: *A kammock, plenty of Giggle-water, and a copy of* SHOW GIRL.

These lines are written at 11 o'clock A.M., and since it is virtually impossible to assemble the contest judges —TEXAS GUINAN, WALTER WINCHELL, and J. P. McEVOY—at such a pious hour, *The Inner Sanctum* is sending MR. SPITZER a copy of *Show Girl* on its own responsibility.

Here is one reason why *Show Girl* sold 4,029 copies in the last five days, and 16,678 copies in the first five weeks since publication date:

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It has come to our attention that the heroine of SHOW GIRL, *is described by* J. P. McEVOY *as being "the hottest little wench that ever shook a scanty at a tired business man." Since "Scanties" is a registered trademark of the Model Brassiere Company, your use of this word without permission is a direct infringement of our rights, making you liable to a suit for damages. It was our first intention to institute legal action at once, but after reading* SHOW GIRL *we decided instead to order fifty copies of the book for our various salesmen.*

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In the worshipful and affectionate language of *The Inner Sanctum*, almost like a chant of devotion, *The Story of Philosophy* is described as "the wonder book of all time." WILL DURANT'S celebrated humanization was published on May 27, 1926, has been bought by more than 200,000 persons, is still selling at $5.00, and shows up like this on the sales record for the last few weeks:

June	3	112
June	10	361
June	17	157
June	24	306
July	1	206
July	8	217
July	15	93
July	22	280
July	29	147
August	3	158
August	10	155
August	17	433

A best-seller for the years is a publisher's idea of Paradise, and a philosopher's dream of Utopia, and to cap it all, WILL DURANT is now putting the finishing touches on his next book, to be called *Adventures In Philosophy*, or *The Lure of Philosophy* (other suggestions for titles are in order) to be published next Spring.

—ESSANDESS

The Quarry Wood
By Nan Sheperd

"The greatest event in Scottish letters of recent years," says the *Glasgow Herald*. One feels in Miss Sheperd's novel an intimate reality of rural Scottish life. The eloquent pictures mark her as a keen observer of nature as well as of human nature. Martha Ironsides' poignant suffering and struggles and her final victory over herself are powerfully and deftly depicted. As one of our reviewers says in the *Aberdeen Press:* "'The Quarry Wood' is well worth buying; not merely borrowing."

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WE maligned the *Phoenician*. He has not forgotten us; indeed, he has remembered us to the extent of some eleven delightful pages of letter. However officially he is still incommunicado; he has lived no laborious days in literary service and offers no comment on writers or writing. But his education is going on apace. Hear him upon himself:

I wear gray flannel "bags" and a blue coat, always take a stick and often smoke a pipe. I always say "post a letter" and "two singles to Toad-in-the-Hole"—and I am learning to say "It is a quarter *to* five" instead of a "quarter *of* five." But my accent remains ineradically *Amurrican*.

He appends a sketch of himself striding along the towpath at Henley. We wish we were in his boots. . . .

Still, at least if you are of the masculine persuasion, there's balm in Gilead, in other words, pleasant possibilities in America. The Century Club, that august institution so ingratiating in its peaceful dignity as almost to make youth in love with older age, has embarked upon a career of gustatory adventure. On the thirteenth of August the shooting season opened in Scotland. On the eighteenth the first two dozen brace of grouse left London for the kitchens of the club and such members as may desire them. There is also a York ham on the way and orders have been given for saddles of Southdown mutton and Stilton cheeses. My, My! how our mouth does water. And My, My! again, how far we are getting from books and publishing. But perhaps not so far, for the Century Club is the haunt of the literary, and we never did believe good literature came only from starving in garrets. Besides publishers themselves have been known to be interested in shooting. We seem to remember that a very active one, *Elliot Holt*, has on occasions provided the tables of editors with ducks brought down by his own prowess. . . .

Still, we had better go back to matters less indirectly literary (incidentally our radio vigils have apprised us that both Presidential candidates sound the *i* long in indirection) . . . .

Lloyd George, you may be surprised to know, has blossomed out as a poet. At the recent graduation ceremony of the University of Wales, a song composed in Welsh by the former Premier, was sung to the tune of "Captain Morgan's Campaign." Here it is in his own translation into English:

While the hills cast a shadow o'er the meadows,
Heroes are bred in their embrace;
While they watch over the cosy valleys
Patriotism is rocked in their cradle.
Children of the hills, we challenge darkness.
The rocks of Wales guard our country.

From the beds of the mists the lofty hills break,
When the white sun arises;
Oppression claimed the spirit of Wales,
Dawn broke, oppression fled;
Children of the hills, light is at hand,
The morn of beautiful Wales is dawning.

Impeccable in sentiment, we think. . . .

Mr. Baldwin recently called Lloyd George "the greatest living orator in the British Isles." But he didn't use words with the vigor of Disraeli when he said of Gladstone that he was "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and glorify himself.". . .

But why can't we stick to literature instead of harking back to political personages! It must be the impending campaign that has bewitched us . . .

Speaking of Gladstone reminds us that if you want to read a spicy account of an exchange of letters between him and his sovereign, as well as any amount of other matter that is interesting, piquant, and illuminating on affairs and persons of the England of the past sixty years, you should get the two volumes of "Memories and Reflections" by the late *Lord Oxford and Asquith*, which Little, Brown are bringing out on the sixth of September. Mr. *G. G. Ross* of that publishing house, who drops in on us occasionally, but too occasionally, informs us from a distance that the first printing of the work is entirely sold out. Well, we've seen enough of it to understand why people should want it. In fact, we're planning to take it home with us despite the rain, and at the risk of having its author, who in our impressionable days was an enthusiasm of ours, appear not the less fine, but a less able statesman than once we thought him. . . .

Way down in Dixie a new bookstore has been opened. It is owned and presided over by the Misses *Elsie W. Stokes* and *Alice Stockell*, and is situate (we're bound now to stick to our last, and "situate" seems to us to partake more of literature than "situated") in Nashville, Tennessee. We heard a publisher speak with great enthusiasm of the judgment of these ladies, and we have no doubt that their taste both in books and otherwise is excellent. They are decorating their yellow walls with photographs of authors framed in modest black frames. They want a picture of—No, no, of course not ourselves; we're not an author. But of someone close to us. . . .

And there's a new publishing house starting up. It has as its emblem a key, the special significance of which you'll understand when you realize that its owner is *Walter V. McKee*. He is established at 32 University Place, New York, and his business goes under his own name. He is specializing in finely printed books, limited editions, and the publications of private presses. Entirely informally he writes (and certainly never expected us to reprint what he says, since he injected the remarks into a personal letter to a friend): "No doubt I shall not be able to resist a little so-called regular publishing, as well as some irregular. The old bean is full of what I think are pregnant ideas." . . .

Our own mind was filled with amazement the other day as we sat at luncheon and listened to the animated tales of Mr. *Peadar O'Donnell*, whose book, "The Way It Was with Them," G. P. Putnam's Sons are soon to bring out. Our amazement arose from the fact that anyone could go through the experiences which Mr. O'Donnell as an irreconcilable Sinn Feiner had known and sit laughing at the latest *bon mot* on *Shaw* or newest jest flung at the Book-of-the-Month Club, as though having been within four hours of excution or going on a hunger-strike for forty-one days were not enough to have killed all mirth forever. Mr. O'Donnell told us fascinating things about Sinn Fein in particular and the Irish people in general, and he told us, too, that like all Americans we stressed the title of his book so that it ran "The Way It *Was* with Them," whereas an Irishman would so emphasize it as to be "The Way It Was *with Them*." Well, however, you say it, and whether you call it "The Islanders," under which title it appeared in England, or 'The Way It Was with Them," as it is named here, it's a fine book. We read it in the English edition some weeks ago and carried away a vivid impression of the peasant life there described. . . .

By the way, that latest *bon mot* about Shaw was made by *Lawrence* of Arabia, who sent him a package marked "Private Shaw to Public Shaw."

We must hastily say farewell and hie us to a tea Mr. *George H. Doran* is giving for *Stephen Vincent Benét*, from whose "John Brown's Body" *John Farrar*, who forfeited the ttile of the infant prodigy of editing when he retired from the *Bohemian*, is to read aloud at the Barbizon to-night.

Heavens, no! We can't say farewell yet. We almost forgot to tell you that the Hoboken Theatrical Company, Inc., is about to begin operations. We actually saw a check made out by it. You don't know what the Hoboken Theatrical Company is? It's that organization of eager souls like our neighbor, the conductor of the Bowling Green, *Don Marquis*, *Felix Riesenberg*, and their friends, who are about to carry plays—their own and those of others, not excluding the favorite old melodramas—to Hoboken. They're planning to open on Labor Day. It's going to be gr-r-a-nd, thrilling, hilarious!

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